# The WAR CRY

# CUTLETS FROM CONTEMPORARIES

## Example Better than Precept.

### Indian's "Gift in Advance."

A Sold'er in one of our Corps was blessed with nine bags of corn in the Harvest of 1909. So he gladly gave to the Lord at Harvest Festival 1-2 a rupee for each sack of corn. This Harvest, however, he did not even recover what he had sown.

When his name was called this year at the Harvest ingathering, for his contribution, he asked to be allowed to say a few words. He told how for some days he had been wondering what he could do to help the Harvest Fest'val effort. He felt he must do something even though he had had no harvest. He said to himself: Shall I sow this year for next? Yes, of course, I cannot be idle while others work. I will borrow and sow in faith believing that the Lord will help. Just so with my Harvest gift, I will promise to the Lord in advance. I now promise to give Rs. 1 for every sack, as soon as I have the money, and will try to do even more than that.

Promise your best to God and so you shall one day have His "Well done" because you have done what you could.—Indian War Cry.

## A City of Religions.

### India's Hindu Centre.

A number of the young Officers who received their Commissions at Clapton recently will shortly be proceeding to India, which is the largest and most fruitful field of Missionary effort.

One of the principal difficulties with which M'ssionaries are confronted is the fact that the Indian people are, in their own way, intensely religious.

There is a city, Benares for instance, which is called the "resplendent c'ty," and is not merely the centre of the land through which the sacred River Ganges runs, but the very heart of the Hindu world.

Twenty-five centuries ago men were worsh'pping in this city, every stone of which is held sacred by its devotees; and in Benares alone there are 25,000 Brahmins.

Religion, indeed, is the only thing visible in Benares; it is the reason for its existence. More than 1,900 temples of rose-coloured granite or marble front the sacred river, conta'ning shrines uncountable and close upon 500,000 idols. Twenty million pilgrims visit Benares every year.

Happy does the man think himse'f who is fortunate enough to draw his last breath within sound of the Ganges' lapping waters; and many to whom that pr'vilege is denied send their ashes to be scattered upon the bosom of "Mother Ganga.' To see the sick and aged who are carried down to the river's brink makes one wonder why the number of deaths is not greater than it is.—British Cry.

## What Are You Weaving?

### Is the Lord at the Loom?

Ch'ldren of yesterday, heirs of to-morrow,
What are you weaving? Labour and sorrow.
Look at your loom again; faster and faster
Fly the great shuttles prepared by the Master.
There's life in the loom;
Room for it!
Room!

Children of yesterday, heirs of to-morrow,
Lighten your labour and sweeten your sorrow.
Now while the shuttles fly faster and faster,
Up and be at it, at work for the Master,
He stands at the loom;
Room for Him!
Room!

Children of yesterday, heirs of to-morrow,
Look at your fabric of labour and sorrow,
Seamy and dark with despair and disaster;
Turn it, and, lo! the design of the Master,
The Lord's at the loom;
Room for Him!
Room!

—Australian Cry.

## Poor and Ashamed.

### A Pathetic Story.

He hung around the entrance to The Army's City Colony Headquarters at Whitechapel for such a long time as to arouse the curios'ty of some loungers nearby, whereupon he suddenly plucked up courage enough to dive inside.

"Please can I see somebody?" he asked nervously of an Officer sitting at an adjacent desk.

"Yes, whom do you wish to see?" There was no reply, only a confused twirling of his bowler hat.

"What is it you have come about; perhaps you can tell me that?" persuas'vely suggested the Officer. Still no reply, save the continued twirling, which ended in the hat falling to the floor, which obliged him to speak.

"Y-yes; can you show me the man who sees to starving families?" he muttered, blushing profusely.

"Certainly; th's way!"

Well-dressed, and of gentlemanly appearance as he was, it seemed hard to believe the story he told. A commission agent, he had suddenly and unaccountably suffered under a business reverse which nothing seemed to be able to stay until at last he, his wife, and family were reduced to direct poverty. There was no food in the house when he left it that morning, though he preserved his best suit as his only chance of securing employment.

A large parcel of food was at once packed, and with this the grateful man hurried off. Assistance was also further given him in his search for work.—Brit'sh Social Gazette.

## The Bible in the Home.

### An Example from the Jews.

It is well to remember the vast influence exerted upon the young through the regular study of the Scriptures at home. Says Dr. Newell Dwight Hillis:

"When Frederick of Prussia asked a German scholar for the shortest possible proof of the Divine origin of Chr'stianity he received this answer: 'The Jews, your Majesty.' Had the monarch then pushed his inquiry back another step and asked for the reason why the Jews had, for four thousand years, dwelt in the Gentile world without being of that world, the explanation would have been traced to the home school and the unique family training that the Jews early established. In that far-off era there was no educational system, w'th primary, secondary, and high schools. There was only the home school, in which parents were the sole teachers. Fathers and mothers then brought their children up in the memory of their noble ancestors. It was the universal custom in the land to assemble the members of the household by the fireside and call the names of the heroes who had made the nation's history to rehearse the story of the'r battles, their victories, and sometimes their martyrdoms. Thus, these religious impressions were indelibly stamped upon the young mind and heart. It is given to our schools to fill the intellect with truth. But the Jewish parent also sought to give his child habits and dispositional qualities [illegible] make manhood."—American Cry.

## Officers on Trek.

### Experiences in South Africa.

Our larder supply was getting [illegible] low, so early on Sunday morning [illegible] made our way to a shanty which [illegible] duty for a store, in the hope of [illegible]ting supplies, but to our disappoint[illegible]ment found it locked up and the pro[illegible]prietor away for the week-end, [illegible] sole occupant being a Griqua girl [illegible] our repeated enquiries for food [illegible] could get nothing but a shake of [illegible] head. Thoroughly desperate now, [illegible] waited, determined to have something or other. We used all the persuasion we knew of in three languages [illegible] English, Kaffir, and Dutch, and [illegible]ally the girl produced the bread [illegible] in order to convince us that there was nothing more than we could see therein, which was her bread for the day. This we promptly commandeer[illegible]ed, handing over more than its worth to the satisfaction of the ebony las[illegible]sel. Spying some fowls running around, we expressed a wish for one of these; to this she agreed, and soon was shouting "Franz, Franz!"

A huge dog came bounding towards us. Was the girl going to have revenge for our raid on her bread? Our fears were groundless! Pointing out to him the required rooster, he quickly caught it and handed it over to the Major, who quickly gave it its quietus, and we marched triumphant[illegible]ly to our wagon, a fowl dangling at our side and a piece of bread under one arm. It was not long, however, before it was sizzling merrily in a big Kaff r-pot flanked with potatoes. When cooked our difficulty was how to dish it up for transition to the dining-room. The pot was out of the question, being so large. The teatray was not deep enough for the gravy, or large enough to hold the potatoes, the teapot ditto; but, tell it not in Gath, the wash'ng bowl did admir[illegible]ab'e, and the viands tasted quite as nice to the hungry mortals that sim[illegible]p'y devoured them as if served on a silver dish.

As we were cooking, the wagons on the other side commenced to cross the river; some of them even then two inches over the floor in water. [illegible] ner fin'shed, we likewise prepared to negotiate the Tsitza. Piling our bed[illegible]ding up high, and gripping each other's hands, we entered the drift almost breathless. Should we, or should we not ——? To our joy, like the Israelites of old, we got over dry-shod, the water just reaching the floor.—South African Cry.

## The Praying League.

**General prayer: "O Lord, be pleased to graciously bless all who are in any trouble, sorrow, or bereavement, and especially need Thy grace and presence and help at this time."**

1. Pray for success of the Harvest Festival Campaign.

2. Pray that it may be a season of real thanksgiving to our Heavenly Father for national and personal blessings.

Sunday, Sept. 18th.—"I Don't Care." Acts xviii.: 1-23.
Monday, Sept. 19th.—Fire Circle. Acts xviii.: 24-28; xix.: 1-20.
Tuesday, Sept. 20th.—Devil Defending His Own. Acts xix.: 23-41.
Wednesday, Sept. 21st.——Apostolic Farewell. Acts xx.: 7-27.
Thursday, Sept. 22nd.—Ministry of Women. Acts xx.: 28-38; xxiv.: 8-14.
**Friday, Sept. 23rd.—Blinded by Hate. Acts xxi.: 17-34.**
**Saturday, Sept. 24th.—Paul's testimony. Acts xxi.: 35-40; xxii.: 3-15.**

### THE BEST.

God's plans like lilies pure and white unfold;
We must not tear the close-shut leaves apart,
T'me will reveal the ca'yxes of go'd.
And if, through patient to l, we reach the land
Where tired feet, with sandals loosed, may rest,
Where we shall clear'y see and understand,
I think that we wi l say: "God knew the best!"

### AN OLD-TIME FAVOURITE.

Oh, the bitter shame and sorrow
That a time could ever be
When I let the Saviour's pity
Plead in vain, and proud'y answered—
"All of self, and none of Thee!"

Yet He found me; I beheld Him
Bleed'ng on the cursed tree,
Heard Him pray, "Forgive them, Father"
And my wistful heart said faint'y—
"Some of self, and some of Thee!"

Day by day, His tender mercy,
Heal'ng, helping, fu'l and free,
Sweet and strong, and, ah! so patient,
Brought me 'ower while I whispered—
"Less of self, and more of Thee!"

Higher than the highest heavens,
Deeper than the deepest sea,
Lord, Thy love at 'ast has conquered;
Grant me now my spirit's longing—
"None of se'f, and all of Thee!"

There are few songs so expressive of what might be ca'led ascending experience as the above, so we'l known and so great'y loved, by Theodore Monod, of France. Its exquisite del'cacy of expression, the way in which it urges the singer to lay aside all hindrance and make a final and full surrender to God, is very striking.

It is much sung in The Army both as a so'o and by the congregation; and for a Holiness Meeting or at a time of consecration, when there is a real desire after the fullness of the Holy Spirit, it is always acceptable.

### CARE WITH DULL CHILDREN.

In losing our patience we lose the very spirit and instrument of progress. How true th's is in our rela[illegible]tionship to little children, and espe[illegible]cia'ly to chi'dren who have the mis[illegible]fortune to be du'l-witted and slow! How fatal is the mistake to become impatient with them! To become im[illegible]pat ent is to deprive them of the very atmosphere they require for journeying at all; impatience soon converts dull-wittedness into [illegible] wittedness, and the teacher or the parent who becomes impatient is rob[illegible]bing the chi'd of its heritage, increas[illegible]ing its load of disadvantage, and mak[illegible]ing its litt'e pilgrim journey prema[illegible]turely dark and hard. Let us, in this matter, cultivate a social [illegible]tience; whatever else we lack, let us see to it that we are not lacking here. It is worth while; yes, wonder[illegible]fully worth whi'e! Dull children [illegible] open slowly; but the lo[illegible] ing often br'ngs a great surprise. [illegible] sometimes happens that the [illegible] comes first, and the [illegible] justif es all the patience [illegible] his appearing.—J. H. Jowett.

# "What Manner of Thing."

By OLIVE CHRISTIAN MALVERY.

REMEMBER hearing from Dr. Barnardo and Mrs. Josephine Butler, two pioneers we might well call them of social service though they worked on different lines, that they did not believe any effectual workfor humanity had ever been accomplished except by workers who had endured a severe training in the school of suffering. The suffering might not always take the same form, but both of these humanitarians believed that anyone who attempted to work for others would always have to face misunderstanding, slander, and false accusation. And such injury would not come from people really interested in matters that concern the welfare of their fellow-creatures, but from those whose persons and pockets are generally secured against demands for charity. There is, perhaps, no modern instance better fitted to illustrate the truth of this opin'o.n than the histories of those connected with the body known as The Salvation Army.

I was told by one of the Officers quite lately that even now, though their affairs are open to the scrutiny of the world and the work accomplished by them stands memorial to the effectiveness of the services they have rendered, and are rendering, to unfortunate people, there yet arrive letters of inquiry as to whether it is true that General Booth lives in great luxury and uses large portions of the funds of The Army for his own purpose.

## All on the Same Errand—The Saving of Souls.

My own experience of The Army's work has had the effect of awakening in me a great enthusiasm and hopefulness. And some of the revelations that came to me through The Army workers I would like to tell to others, who, like myself perhaps, may have found it hard to believe that even for "the hopeless" there is hope when brought under the magic spell of the "enthusiasts of God." I was often surprised when wandering among the poor and outcast, making various investigations in the most terrible localities and among the most hopeless classes of people, constantly to come across the Salvation Soldiers. The women in their blue poke bonnets with a red badge across it, and the men in their dark suits and blue and red caps seemed to penetrate into the most abandoned spots. I have seen them in public-houses selling copies of their War Cry, pleading with women of the streets; I have seen them in slums which, perhaps, no other country of the world could outrival in misery and degradation. At midnight, or at noon, somewhere or other, I have stumbled on these people, all bent on the same errand, which they called "the saving of souls."

It must have been a shock to most people who are in any way concerned with social service matters, that Mr. John Burns should have made a virulent attack on the night work of The Salvation Army. Personally, it grieved me to think that another hope must be shattered, another ideal lost, for here again, in spite, apparently, of everything I had seen of their magnificent work, great evils must have crept in and signs of deterioration instead of progress must be evident, else how could such an accusation be possible? Once again I determined to find out facts for myself. A few days after Mr. John Burns' attack I noticed in an evening paper that a great meeting was to be held at Regent Hall in Oxford Street, where 200 men who had been rescued by The Salvation Army from utter destitution—even criminality—were to give their testimony as to the efficiency of this body is dealing with different social problems. I started off for the Hall.

## The Journalist's Description of a Wonderful Meeting.

It struck me as curious when I arrived that very little general notice appeared to be taken of this meeting; one might have supposed it to be of absorbing interest to all classes of men and women who had the good of their country and fellow-creatures at heart. Yet no! I saw no crowd. Most of the people in the Hall were poor folk. On the platform was grouped a company of men, clean, well-dressed, and in possession of their God-given right of manhood.

One was speaking. I could not hear distinctly, so passed quickly up and found a place on one of the vacant benches in front. There I saw at the Press table representatives of many London papers, and among them one man I knew, who gave me his seat, which was quite near the platform. There I sat watching and listening.

What histories they gave, these human derelicts, caught as they reached the sea of despair and won back to citizenship—drunkards, would-be suicides, starvelings, vagabonds. One by one, in short, simple sentences, they poured forth their evidence.

The Pressmen departed, after leaving, with characteristic kindness, a joint subscription for the midnight soup. The testimonies were finished. But still I sat watching a thing that brought home to me, as no philology, no learning could do, that marvellous something which the minds of men are so eager to explain away, but which simple people—the Salvation soldiers—call "the Grace of God."

Through the hall were scattered wonderful remnants of humanity—filthy, degraded, men, hungry-looking, bestial often, terrible altogether. They had come because it was warm in the Hall, and soup and bread was to be had in clean bowls, and there were new spoons to eat it with. These creatures were fed. I watched them eat. Then one by one the Soldiers rose and issued that invitation which has become a mockery in so many mouths: "Come unto Me." There was little learning, little philosophy; the heart-wrung invitation left me personally unmoved—I am not emotional.

Mr. John Burns' vanity received a dreadful shock because he passed unnoticed with the loafers—so did I. One Salvationist came to me and asked if I was ready to die. I smiled at him, "In God's good time."

"But now, to-night? Are you afraid to die?"

"No," I said, "but I do not want to just yet."

I wanted him to go away and leave me to watch this unhappy crowd.

Then the Commissioner rose, and, speaking from the text, "I was hungry and ye fed Me, thirsty and ye gave Me to drink, naked and ye clothed Me, homeless and ye took Me in," he spoke as only such men speak who are full of the "love that passeth understanding." The business aspect of the case was forgotten — indignation, desire to justify themselves, everything vanished—only the soul-hunger was there. How they pleaded, how they prayed and wrestled. The men and women went down among the people. From a bench here, from that dark corner, from the middle of the Hall, there came one and another wretched, sorry-looking object. They flung themselves down in mute anguish by the bench below the desk, and the men and the men and women who first fed the bodies of these dreadful people, then fight for their souls, came and knelt by them and threw their arms round them. Think of it—the danger of disease, of vermin and dirt! What cared they? Six men that night they won—hideous, despairing, vagabond. And when the souls were won, I watched the practical arrangements made for the bodies. The name of each was taken, an invitation given to The Salvation Army Depot. They will come back to our country those six men won in that hour. They would have been a charge upon the State, lodged perhaps in our workhouses or prisons.

## A Scene at the Night Shelter.

I sent my card up, and one of the workers came down to me.

"What can we do for you?"

"Tell me," I said, "at what hour and where your night refugees are opened. I want to go out into the streets with some of your workers. I want to see how they work, I want to hear what they say." So I went.

Many people have listened eagerly to Mr. John Burns' condemnation. He has forgotten soon what it was to toil, to be hungry perhaps, and cold. But for all he says to the contrary, men still suffer such hunger that they creep in the dark hours to the water's edge and look at it wistfully; and were it not for that love of Life which in mortals in such plight seems mysterious, they would plunge in. I have seen these men, I know them. I have seen despairing women too.

Come to the Night Refuge with me and between the hours of twelve and three watch the ghastly forms that come slouching in, broken and ashamed. It is easy enough to deceive those simple-minded Officers, who would, any of them, lay down their lives in the service of Him who is daily mocked in cities that call themselves Christian. They are not thinking of evil and guarding against deception; they are standing with open arms saying to the criminal, to the despairing: "Come in, we have room for you, need of you." If they fail once, they try again, and they go on trying. But the cost to the people of this country of providing a basin of soup and a bit of bread for hungry men is a small enough price to pay when there is a hope, nay, a certainty, that six out of every ten of those men will return to the wage-earning ranks and become contributors to the nation's progress.

## Enviable Faith makes Miracles Possible.

The shivering creatures took the food, and there again the same passionate pleading fell on their vacant hearts: "God wants you. How are we to prove this? We want you."

The pleading may not have touched such superior people as we are, educated out of a belief in Hell—for that matter of Heaven. We have learned so much of the Babylonian myths, the lack of continuity of the Bible narrative! We argue differently, we believe differently; but these people have a power that we have not, a faith that we might envy. Yes, to them even miracles are possible.

When I saw those wretched objects kneel broken-hearted to seek God's mercy, I went softly out into the night, saying to myself, "What manner of thing is this?"

Days later, while the wonder of this strange sight was on me, I wrote to Mrs. Booth telling her that I desired much to go out with some

of her workers and see what they were really doing by night and by day among the multitudes of those whom less optimistic people call "the impossibilities." She wrote explaining how difficult it was for any "outsider" to see things as they really were; but having known me so well and being sure that it was no mere matter of personal curiosity that led me to make such a request, she suggested that for the time I should be as one of themselves; and so it was arranged.

After I had been for some time with these wonderful people, I said to one of their Officers: "I do not believe that anywhere else in the world there exists such magnificent optimism as you people possess. How could we, outside the magic circle, believe the wonders that you have worked and are working, unless we could see them for ourselves?" She smiled a little: "Optimism" you call it; what a queer word to use for faith!"

But come and take a peep with us at the Rescue Home at Clapton. This is a great house full of young girls, many of whose histories are unfit for print; they are true histories nevertheless. I may not tell all the stories I heard, but one, more simple, that delighted me much, I shall put here:

A little girl—whose mother kept a baby-farm and was in disfavour with the police, and whose father was a criminal—had been accused by her mother of opening letters and stealing postal orders out of them. The child was 13 years of age, hardly able to read or write, but quite an expert thief. The police brought her to the Colonel of the Rescue Home and explained that if she would take the child they would not charge her with the offence which she had committed. Of course the Colonel took her in. After that the deluge! This small imp shrieked like a soul possessed, she stamped and bit and used the foulest language imaginable. The other girls, of whom there were over a hundred in the house, were called together; they passed the Officer with a salute into one of their halls, and there they prayed for this child. But that evening she escaped and ran away. The whole night and all the next day some Salvation Officers were out looking for her. They found her in the evening and took her back to the Home. Then began another series of terrible scenes, but no one spoke harshly to the child. She did not want to go to bed, she refused all food and demanded to be allowed to go away.

Next day, about noon, the Colonel said to her: "Now, my dear, this has gone on long enough; you are to come to the kitchen with me and eat everything I give you." She took the child and set her down in front of the fire, and peeling an orange for her watched her eat it; then she gave her some bread and jam and a cup of hot milk. After the meal, this motherly woman took the girl upstairs and prepared a hot bath for her. When the bathing was finished, the truant was popped into bed and given one of The Salvation Army booklets, called The Young Soldier, to read. All the afternoon the small vagabond lay in bed, and when the Officer went up at dusk she said: "Colonel, I am not going to be a bad girl any more, I am going to be a Soldier."

When I saw her a few weeks later she was a brisk and cheery maiden, and so deeply in love with The Army that she had managed to earn 7d. by cleaning some of the Cadets' boots at a farthing a pair. This 7d., with great joy, she presented to the Colonel as an offering to The Army for "Self-Denial" Week. The tears rose unbidden to my eyes as I looked on the child and learned her story. How many people in our country whose blessings fill their days and whose incomes are counted by many hundreds, make such offerings of gratitude as that ragged little thief?

One Home we visited was devoted to the use of women and girls whom we are accustomed to call "fallen," but whom The Salvation Army call "our dear sisters." Some of them told me their own stories—very heart-breaking, very terrible stories. They had plunged down into the very

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# DRUNKARD TO SERGT.-MAJOR.

## The Sowing of the Seed—Bad Soil—a Rich Harvest.

WHEN a War Cry representative confronted a young, happy-faced Salvationist with a question as to his career—his "remarkable" career he called it—the latter wheeled around on the edge of the sidewalk and burst into a hearty laugh.

"Why, there's nothing remarkable about my career at all," he said, thrusting his hands deep down into his trousers pockets, and looking the questioner straight in the face. However, he at last consented to talk about himself.

"My father was a drunkard," he began, "and the money that he earned week by week simply poured into the hands of the saloon-keeper, irrespective of rent, food, and the needs of the home and children.

"Consequently, my lot was a hard one. Many times did I go on the street with nothing but a slice of bread and lard for breakfast.

"I would have left home—or the place we called home—long before I did, but for my poor mother.

### The Dropping of the Seed.

"One day a little incident occurred which has coloured the last few years of my life. A War Cry sergeant came to our door. The sight of military uniform—I had never seen The Salvation Army—gave me fears as to our safety, and I rather cautiously opened the door.

"Would you care to buy a War Cry—only two cents?' asked the stranger.

"I was still puzzled and about to leave the Sergeant, when my mother, who had heard his question, came and told him that we had not money enough for the next meal, much less for a War Cry.

"Eventually, the pitiful story of our home was told to the kindly-faced Salvationist, who hardly heard my mother's last words before he skipped down to the nearest grocery store, invested the whole of his pocket money—about fifteen cents—in provisions, and returned to our shack. Mother did not know what to do when she was given the goods. She cried for joy, I know that.

"As for me; well, I was astonished at such kindness from a stranger. I regarded him as a kind of good angel or a Father Christmas.

### Bad Soil.

"However, after a time the incident dropped out of my mind. I was fast following in my father's footsteps. On seven occasions I appeared before the magistrate for rowdyism, and each time my mother came and pleaded my release. Smoking had a strong hold upon me, but not till I had jilted a young woman to whom I had promised to become husband, and had gone on tramp, did I take my first glass of strong drink. And then I became worse. To gulp down seven or eight "treats" at one time was easy. On one occasion when on the road to a good job in the country, the craving for liquor suddenly overpowered me, and I turned back and sat in the saloon all day until I was soddened in beer.

"During a spell of partial sobriety, I decided to get married. Courting? I never did any. I had simply met the young woman once, and that in a dancing place. Thus when I offered to join hearts and hands, she thought I was joking and tried to laugh me off. But I told her that I would have her, and persisted in my claim, until one February we were married. But I had deceived her—in age and in habits. She knew nothing of my terrible skeleton in the cupboard — the drink.

"For some time I managed to conceal the passion for it. But gradually my wife noticed the effects of the liquor, and that the 'club' was weaning my affections from her.

### The Beginning of Life.

"As a result of further dissipation, my health became a source of great trouble. But even that did not cause me to stop and think of the present or future. No, the first noticeable change for the good came when I knelt by the sick bed of my baby son. Death seemed very near. How awful I felt, kneeling beside that white little form nobody but myself knew. I shuddered, and then, for the first time in many years, prayed in an agony of mind and body to God. That prayer was answered, for the boy recovered.

"Another change for the better followed—I checked my beer allowance. With the money I thus saved I bought my wife a new dress. She almost swooned when I told her what I had done. What had struck me she couldn't understand, for, remember, she too was a stranger to God.

But the climax was reached when one night I told her that I intended to go to The Army Hall!

"I do not know whether she thought that my mind had become deranged; anyway, I went, feeling that no harm could come to me in the company of such people as the War Cry sergeant, whose kindness many years ago had been brought to my mind by the arrival in town of the Salvation Army.

"In that first meeting the lassie Captain tackled me about my soul's salvation. But what she said seemed to me more like a fairy tale than anything else. Christ died for me she said. Well, I tried to take it all in, and I believe I did feel somewhat guilty, for it was with remorse that I left the Hall.

"Next day the captain in her travels knocked at the door of our home. I was away at the time. The poor wife was glad enough to see the Captain. She brightened [illegible] children [illegible] place till she [illegible] make me feel [illegible] there was a very [illegible] her religion.

"On the following day the [illegible] stopped me on the street and [illegible] a dollar. She said [illegible] believe that I would take it [illegible] not spend it in the saloon.

### The Harvest.

"Now, that cheered me [illegible] anything. For somehow [illegible] faith in me was a new [illegible] quickly gained confidence [illegible] tain and her Soldiers, and [illegible] after having got into warm [illegible] tidied myself up a little [illegible] cond visit to The Army [illegible]

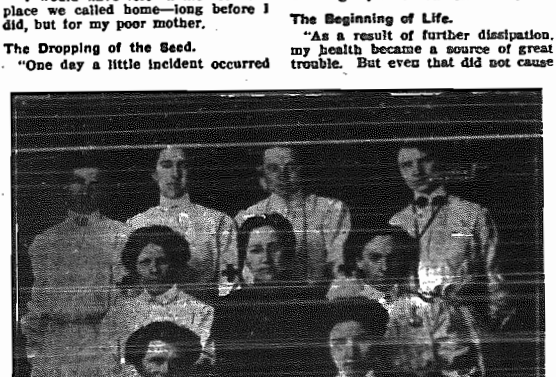
"A memorable night [illegible] it was. I cried like a [illegible] Captain and Lieutenant [illegible] when the invitation to the [illegible] was given I got up and [illegible] to the penitent-form.

"Kneeling there, I wept [illegible] and prayed like a drunk[illegible] down to perdition. But [illegible] I saw through my tears [illegible] bidding me rise and [illegible] obeyed, and after having [illegible] of seeing my pipe and [illegible] the stove chimney in smoke [illegible] to the change which God had [illegible] in me.

"Two months later my wife [illegible] knelt at the same Mercy Seat, [illegible] found the same glorious salvation.

"It is no fairy tale to say that [illegible] perity followed this dawn of new [illegible] in our poor little home."

"I quite believe it," said The [illegible] Cry man, who noticed that the [illegible] Salvationist wore the stripes [illegible] sergeant-major upon his coat sleeve.



Captain Cofield's First-Aid Class, Vancouver I.

# Promoted to Glory.

## BRO. W. BLEECKER OF BELLEVILLE

One of our oldest and best Soldiers in the person of Brother W. Bleecker has been taken from our midst. He was a grandson of the renowned Captain Meyers, Belleville's First Settler, also a grandson of Sergt. Bleecker, who was the first magistrate in Ontario, and who celebrated the first marriage between white people in Ontario. We may surely say that in the death of Bro W. Bleecker a link with the past has gone.

Brother Bleecker was born in Belleville 87 years ago, in which place he lived all his life. A widow with five sons and one daughter survived him. Some 25 years ago Brother Bleecker became an active soldier in the Belleville Corps, and worked incessantly for its advancement, and was instrumental in having built our present hall on Pinnacle street. He was a grand example of the saving Grace of God, and his name will long be remembered in his native city.

He was regularly visited by Adj. Parsons, to whom he often spoke of the wonderful change God had wrought in his life. It was a joy and pleasure for him to witness for Christ and tell others to prepare for eternity. In our last conversation he said: "The end is not far off. I will soon be among the white robed choir." The writers little boy sang to him the sweet little chorus:

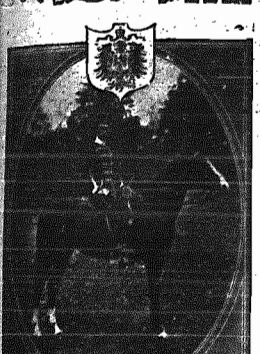
"White robes they wear up in Glory,
And wave victors' palms o'er the
bright crystal sea,
No night there makes them grow
weary,
I'm going to that country my Father
four to see.

For a few moments he lay in a bond of calm, sweet thought, and through his tears he sweetly whispered "Yes, praise God!" For many long years he has been tenderly cared for and nursed by the hands of a very patient and loving wife, to the wonder he having said: "I would have gone to my reward long ago only for the tender care I have received from the hands of a loving companion." May the God of all comfort be near her in this hour of sad bereavement.

A very impressive service was conducted at the home, where a very large crowd of friends and comrades had gathered to pay their last respects.

(Continued on Page Fourteen.)

# THE WORLD AND ITS WAYS



The Crown Prince of Germany.

## Britain's Royal Guests.

The German Crown Prince, Wilhelm, eldest son of the German Emperor, was born in 1882, and was married to Cecilia Duchess of Mecklenburg-Schwerin in 1905. The Crown Prince is in the dress of the 13th Austrian Hussars. The profoundest interest is taken in the Crown Prince's coming visit to India, where he will be the honoured guest of King George. The Prince will not travel incognito, and will be the guest of the Emperors of China and Japan. His objects are solely those of seeing something of Germany's colonies and extending his personal knowledge of the world. The date of the tour is not yet fixed, and the programme for his travels is at present the subject of discuss on and negotiation.

The Crown Princess, Cecilia Augusta Marie, was born at Schwerin on September 20, 1886, and is the third child of the late Grand Duke Frederick of Mecklenburg-Schwerin. She was married to the Crown Prince on June 6, 1905, and has three children; the first, Prince William, was born in 1906, Prince Louis in 1907, and Prince Hubertus in 1909. The above illustration shows Princess Cecilia in the costume of honorary colonel of the 5th Prussian Dragoons. Her brother, the present Grand Duke of Mecklenburg-Schwerin, was born in 1882 and succeeded his father in 1901.

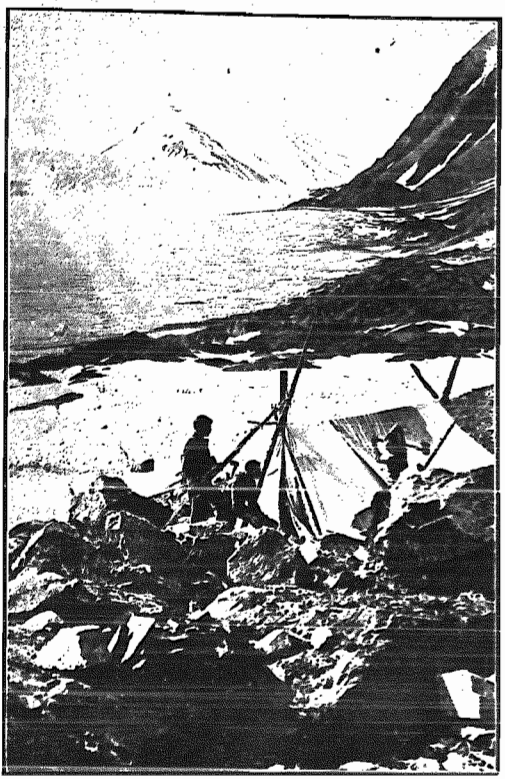
## Nearly One Hundred Million Americans.

From the census figures already collected it is estimated that the total population of the United States will be found to be over 96,000,000, or in the neighborhood of 8,000,000 more than was expected. Out of the army of agents who have been quietly collecting these figures the name of Census Enumerator William Zeigler came tragically into the day's news on the morning of August 23. He had been overtaken by a forest fire while driving from Newport to his home in the Kalispell Valley, Montana, and burned to death. The population of Wallace, Idaho, part of which was destroyed by the fires, was reported as 3,000. There were 2,265 people in Wallace in 1900.

The population of Canada, according to figures just announced, is estimated at 7,489,781, an increase of about 1,000,000 in four years.

## A Chinese Custom.

A curious Chinese custom is being observed at Vancouver. It is the removal of the bones of the Chinese to their native country, which is in accordance with a religious custom, it being the intention in British Columbia to act in the matter every seven years. About 250 bodies will be exhumed this time. The workmen burn the coffins, wash the bones, and enclose them in shipping bags, tagged with the name and facts concerning the deceased.



THE RUSH FOR GOLD AT BITTER CREEK—A MINER'S CAMP.

The illustration indicates with great vividness the strenuous and simple life that culminates sometimes in great wealth, sometimes in bitter disappointment and heartbreak.

The civic authorities have willingly consented to the wholesale exhumation of the Chinese bodies as the plot allotted to Orientals in the cemetery is being rapidly filled and the work now in progress will give greatly needed room.

## Great Britain Marching Forward.

The Old Country is not yet played out, if the following figures represent facts:

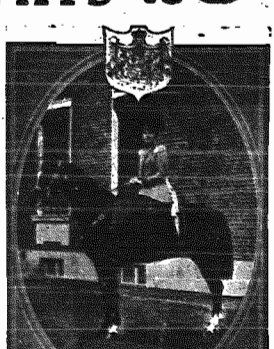
The nine years' reign of Edward VII. were marked by an expansion of British wealth and commerce so enormous that it is difficult for anyone but a statistician to grasp. Between 1900 and 1908 the average daily (not weekly or monthly) clearances of checks, bills, etc., through the Bankers' Clearing House had increased from £29,000,000 to £44,000,000, and the year's transactions in 1909 amounted to £13,525,000,000. That is a figure the magnitude of which can be grasped by no human brain, and it represents the banking business of a ruined and decrepit nation.

And in the year in which King George has begun his reign the first seven months' trade returns showed an increase of £31,830,457 in imports and £40,162,777 in exports over 1909, and, as compared with 1908, an increase of £38,720,513 in imports and £37,201,387 in exports. Truly, Britain is indeed on the verge of ruin. Liberals and free traders are more than satisfied with these figures, and they are profoundly gratified with the movement from the west in favor of free trade. They turn to other protective countries, and they find Germany weary of jingoism and revolting against its tariffs; Italian peasants and workers engaging in bread riots, as men did here in the bad old days; and French "ouvriers" in a state of rebellion against the high cost of living. That is not all. Improving trade and the old-age pensions act have brought about a remarkable decrease in pauperism—22,000 less at June 25 last than in the preceding 12 months; and the labor exchanges are providing for a constantly increasing number of unemployed workers.

However, one of the most notable results of the Budget of 1909, with its increased duty on spirits, has been a considerable decrease in drunkenness. In every direction the nation seems marching "breast forward" towards a new and a better way of life.

## The Brussels Fire.

On the night of August 14, a fire swept through the International Exposition at Brussels, and caused a loss which has been estimated approximately to amount to $100,000,000. The art loss, however, is held to be infinitely greater than that of the property, since many rare and priceless articles were consumed. The chief sufferers were the Belgian exhibit, the British section, the City of Paris display, the French Palace, and the Kermesse. The British losses include quantities of valuable antique furniture, ornaments, and plate, and a large number of exhibits loaned from the Victoria and Albert Museum. The paintings which had been sent by the different nations to Brussels—among which were many Old Masters—were not damaged in any manner, since they had been housed two miles away from the grounds in the Palais du Cinquantenaire. The fire was started by a short circuit which ignited some inflammable material in the Telegraph Building. At the time it broke forth, not less than 100,000 people were visiting the grounds, and a serious panic followed; yet although a



The Crown Princess.

number of persons were injured, so far as could be discovered, there were no fatalities, either in the stampede or in the burning buildings.

## Labour Troubles.

It rarely happens in the case of a serious labor war, especially when it takes the form of a lockout, that public opinion almost unanimously supports the employers. Such is the attitude of the British public towards the Shipbuilders' Federation which summarily dismissed 30,000 boilermakers in the Scottish and English yards.

A general agreement was made eighteen months ago between the British Shipbuilders' and twenty-six trades unions, representing their employes, whereby both sides pledged themselves against the sudden stoppage of work until the matters in dispute had been fully discussed and a compromise found impossible. This compact has been violated repeatedly in the past few months, especially by the boilermakers in the various yards. There have been as many as thirty small strikes without notice in a single month, and the employers after several warnings decided to bring the matter to a crisis. They will refuse to allow the men to resume work until the trades unions furnish satisfactory guarantees that their members will live up to their side of the bargain.

The lockout, if it continues a few days more, will throw more than 100,000 men out of work.

## Warships to be Revolutionised.

It is reported that in ten years' time our "Dreadnoughts" and other warships of to-day will be on the scrap heap. The cause is said to be the use of gas engines instead of steam, as the problem of building internal combustion engines suitable to battleships has been solved: "An internal combustion power plant weighing one-third as much as a steam plant will produce three times the power for the same weight of fuel. The weight and space thus saved can be utilized for heavier ordnance and greater armor protection for the ships. It means also higher speed and a larger radius of action. Coaling stations will lose their importance." Just so, but in the meantime Germany is reported to be building a warship of enormous power with heavily armoured decks, which will be invulnerable to attack by aeroplane or balloon. This vessel will only carry two guns, but they will throw two and a half ton shells at a speed entirely eclipsing that of existing guns. And so the war game goes on.

The greatest and sorest combat of a man's life is to conquer himself. There are no battles recorded in history compared with the battle of the human soul.

# Band Chat.

The Editor has received a number of Band reports, the envelopes of which were addressed to the Special Efforts Department at T. H. Q. Will correspondents please note that **REPORTS** should be addressed to the **Editor**, and that only **Band Appointments** (for back page of The War Cry) should be sent to the Special Efforts Dept. (Lt.-Col. Pugmire).

**Peterboro Temple Band.**—On Saturday, August 27th, we took train to Kingston, where the boat "North Rise" was ready to take us for a trip around the Thousand Islands. The band under Bandmaster Peryer played selections during the trip. These were appreciated, not only by those on board, but the great crowd at Island Park, and other points at which the boat called. The Band arrived back at Kingston early in the evening, and were met at the wharf by Adjt. Smith and the Kingston Band, under Bandmaster Christmas. The Kingston Band escorted the Peterboro Band to the Hall, where the sisters of the Corps had provided a splendid banquet for the United Bands. This indeed was a season of joy, for it was the first meeting of the two Bands. It proved a cheer to each and every Bandsman.

After doing justice to the good things provided, the united Bands marched to the Market Square. Great crowds stood along the line of march and followed the bands to the open-air stand.

With only one hour to train time, Ensign Merritt (Peterboro C. O.) was introduced to the Kingston citizens, and led what the Ensign termed "A musical festival sandwich. The music was the "bread and butter," and the testimonies of the band boys formed the "ham." The united bands under the baton of Bandmaster Peryer played "Invitation," "The Rock," Jerusalem, "Battle Cry," "Old Time March No. 1," and the Peterboro male quartette sang "Far Away." The great crowd heartily applauded the band's efforts. The people helped liberally with the collection. The open-air service continued till within ten minutes of train time. Peterboro Bandsmen were sorry that the time spent with our comrades was so short, but all are looking forward to exchange visits in the near future.

Peterboro Band has welcomed back to its ranks Bandsman W. Leader. Our comrade is a good help to our Band. He plays euphonium, piano, and violin. Bro. Leader can be depended on, and is ever at his post when the Band is on duty.—E. H.

**A CREDITABLE MUSICAL ORGANIZATION**

**The Strathroy Army Maintains an Efficient Band Whose Music is Alike a Credit to its Members and a Source of Pleasure to its Auditors.**

This is the heading which the Strathroy Age gives to its comments on The Army Band. Listen!

"The Band has been giving in the evenings this summer a series of which have been a source of great pleasure to our citizens. As a musical organization and as an efficient part of the local S. A. Corps, which is doing decidedly good work in Strathroy, our citizens have every reason to feel proud of it. Strathroy would be pretty dull sometimes were it not for the presence of The Army Band, which is out regularly every week, rain or shine, playing their inspirational sacred airs and causing people to forget at least for a time about the troubles of the sinful world.

**Vancouver I.**—Last Thursday night the Band was in charge of the meeting. Two souls came forward for Salvation.

On Saturday and Sunday Bandmaster Redburn took a double quartette over to Nanaimo. The meetings were in charge of Staff-Captain Wakefield of Vancouver. On Saturday night the bandmaster gave a recital of his interesting life story. On Sunday afternoon the Bandmaster gave another of his lectures, "By Products." At night we had over 100 people in the Hall. The Staff-Captain read the lesson. We believe the visit of the party was a great blessing to the officers and soldiers. Among the pieces rendered by the double quartette were "Under the Colors," Shepley, Pentre, [illegible] and Ringing Song Marches. [illegible] songs of comfort, "The Saviour at the Door" and "Redemption" selection.

Cornwall Band is still making [illegible] progress. Captain Smith has [illegible] down the baton, and Bandsman Homer, who was welcomed a [illegible] weeks ago, has taken hold of the Band. The Bandmaster is not only interested in music, but in the spiritual experience of the bandsmen. Bandsman Fitzpatrick has been made Band-Sergeant. He will assist the Bandmaster in the spiritual side of the Band. Bandsman Elbert [illegible] is the Band-Secretary. The Band [illegible] playing the First Prize Marches, [illegible] 535, 537, and "The Plymouth." [illegible] are believing that under the leadership of Bandmaster Homer the Band will become one of the best in the Dominion spiritually and musically. We shall shortly introduce a soprano cornet and a G trombone in the Band.

Bandsmen needing good [illegible] work should write to Bandmaster Homer, Box 397. We have received four new Class A instruments from T. H. Q. They have made a decided improvement to the Band.—[illegible] Smiler.

Any Band desiring to purchase a good duplex snare drum in [illegible] condition (price $10), apply to [illegible] Secretary Godden, Brantford, Ont.

The Temple Band visited the [illegible] ronto Jewish mission on [illegible] night. They went at the [illegible] of the pastor, Mr. Henry [illegible] rendered a programme of music [illegible] delighted Jew and Gentile alike. [illegible] characteristic antics of the [illegible] proved this fact, while the [illegible] scores of little Isaacs, Jacobs, [illegible] Rachels were beyond description.

Bandsman Watson, "a man of [illegible] (England), has been welcomed [illegible] Toronto I. Band. The cornet [illegible] is strengthened thereby.

A good solo cornet player is [illegible] Band's greatest need just now.

# With the Canadians at the Staff Lodge

## A TRIP ON THE ROYAL EDWARD—SALVATIONISTS AT SEA—THE OLD LAND—LONDON AT LAST.

By Captain Church.

I HAVE been instructed by the Editor to furnish a series of half a dozen letters which should contain a full account of the doings of the party, privileged by The General, and the Commissioner to spend a session at the Staff Lodge. The first of the series was to describe the trip to London.

The party really went in several batches, but the hulk sailed in the Royal Edward, which left Montreal on the morning of August 18th.

The night previous the party had a most inspiring send-off at the Montreal I. Corps, Brigadier Hargrave conducting the proceedings.

The trip down the St. Lawrence was greatly enjoyed. As the vessel swings round a curve in the river, the City of Quebec, in all its grandeur and quaintness, burst into view. What historic associations gather around that Citadel! Up that slope went Wolfe and his redcoats to attack the French on the plain above, both the English and French generals laying down their lives.

Down this great river came Jacques Cartier, Champlain, and other noted explorers in their little ships of 300 tons burthen to subjugate and colonize the wilderness. What a contrast between those first craft of the white man to navigate the St. Lawrence and this great Royal Edward of 12,000 tons, which has rushed down the river from Montreal, a distance of 180 miles, in seven hours.

Quebec also brings back memories to some of our Army warriors on board. It was here that Mrs. Major Taylor fought in the early days when rioting was rife, and she has vivid recollections of the times The Army had then.

Adjutant Kendall has pleassnter recollections of the place, for here he spent twelve happy months in charge of the Corps, when all was peaceful.

As the steamer draws up alongside the wharf we catch sight of some people in Army uniform. We recognize Ensign Lewis, who is joining us here. She is accompanied by Adjt. and Mrs. McRae who have come to see her off. Major Patterson also comes aboard to bid us God speed and bon voyage.

Once again we slip out into the river, but have not proceeded far before the ship trembles with the reversing of the engines. Some of the passengers get anxious. They think something has happened. Overboard goes the anchor, and here we are stuck fast in the river as the shades of night are falling. We learn that the delay was caused by the low tide. About midnight we are on our journey again, and next morning wake up to find ourselves at Rimouski.

Friday was a most magnificent day, bright and sunshiny, and everybody was in the highest spirits as the ship ploughed her way down the mighty St. Lawrence.

The Salvation Army party sought to improve the shining hour by holding an informal song service—with no chairman and no speech-making. Staff-Captain Coombs, the daddy of us all, brought forth a ponderous volume entitled the "Golden Trumpet," and as many as could crowd around sung some of the songs it contained, to the accompaniment of two concertinas. When about 72 miles from Rimouski it was reported that a whale was in sight. "Oh, where is it?" said one lady, rushing to the side of the ship. "I have so longed to see a whale blubber."

That evening we ran past the Isle of Anticosti, and slipped into the Gulf of the St. Lawrence. It was a beautiful moonlight night, and sitting on deck was a pleasure. The Salvationists passed the time by singing such old favourites as "Lead Kindly Light," "Nearer My God to Thee," and many other soul-inspiring songs.

On Saturday the sun shone out of a cloudless sky, and we had a perfectly delightful sail through the Straits of Belle Isle. In the afternoon an iceberg was sighted, and every possessor of a field glass became the centre of a little knot of interested spectators. The berg glistened in the sunlight like some great white palace, with towers and spires, floating on the ocean. Later on an island enwreathed in bands of fog hove in view. It was Belle Isle, the last bit of land we should see till we reached the other side of the Atlantic. Many people were busy with their cameras snapping the picturesque scene. As the sun sank like a ball of fire amid the golden tinted clouds in the west we sailed out into the great and mighty ocean, where there was "Water, water everywhere; but not a drop to drink."

Now there is naught to see but a vast expanse of sea and sky. How infinite it seems as day after day we roll across its heaving bosom.

Sunday at sea. A calm, sunlit ocean, and a bright and cloudless sky. An ideal condition for traveling. Everyone was feeling fine, and consequently there was a large attendance at Divine service in the first saloon. The doctor of the ship officiated, and went through the ordinary Church of England ritual. In the afternoon the Salvation Army held an open-air service on the deck. Staff-Captain Coombs was the leader, and the band consisted of one concertina played by Staff-Captain Barr. It was a very informal affair—in fact, a regular Salvation Army free and easy in which everyone was at liberty to take part. Adjt. Sheard soloed, as did Sister Gibbons of Kingston (Ont.) Corps, who is bound for England with her husband. The Scripture lesson was taken by Adjt. Kendall, who delivered a straight address on repentance and faith in Christ. It was a very effective little service, and one tall fellow from the Klondyke was visibly touched by it. He declared that the meeting had done him more good than anything he had listened to for a long time, and as a token of his appreciation he gave Staff-Capt. Coombs two sovereigns for the Army work. Another very interested listener was Sir James Whitney, the Premier of Ontario.

A meeting in the second saloon was arranged at night by some ministerial friends, the Salvationists taking a prominent part. About 100 people were present. Mrs. Major Taylor's solo "One Day Nearer Home" evidently caught on, and from that time forward her services as a singer were much in demand. "I do want to hear you sing just once more before we get off the ship," said one lady. "Your singing touches our hearts."

Monday and Tuesday were calm, uneventful days, and persons keeping a daily diary of the trip would perforce have had to copy Mark Twain's entries, which for a considerable period consisted of nothing more than the words: "Got up, washed, went to bed."

The Fastnet Light, off the southwest point of Ireland, was sighted on Wednesday morning, the run across the Atlantic being made in record time, an average speed of 430 miles per day being maintained.

The last day at sea, and it is still calm and bright. What an ideal trip it has been! Hardly any of the passengers suffered from seasickness, which was a pleasant surprise to those who had provided themselves with a goodly supply of Mothersill's remedy.

And now we are in the Bristol Channel, and the lights around the coast of old England are flashing out in the darkness. Our Canadian-born Officers are full of curiosity as to what England is like, while the English folk feel a glow of patriotic pride on beholding the land of their birth once again.

Some of our company have been wandering a good many years. There is Adjt. Sheard, for instance, who set his face toward the great West 17 years ago, and since then has travelled all over the Dominion on Army service. Staff-Captain Barr is also an Old Country man who has [illegible] velled much. Mrs. Major Taylor, Adjt. Kendall, Ensigns Lighthouse and Hamilton, and Captain Murphy [illegible] beholders of England for the first time.

That evening a concert was given in the first saloon, Premier Whitney acting as chairman. Three Salvationists figured in the programme, [illegible] the character of the songs they sang was different to those usually heard at ship's concerts. Mrs. Major Taylor sang "A City in the Sky," Sister Gibbons "The Pilot," and Adjt. Sheard "In Chicago Slums."

Early in the morning we steamed into Avonmouth dock, the ship having had to wait several hours at the mouth of the river for the tide to [illegible]

We speedily disembark, and an hour later are speeding towards London in a special train. The England [illegible] looks delightfully green and picturesque, and all the Canadian officers are charmed with it.

What historic memories are called up as we pass through the various towns. Nine miles from the docks is Bristol. From this port sailed John Cabot in 1497 on his voyage of discovery to America. What a change has taken place in transatlantic travel since his little ship the "Matthew" sailed out from Bristol.

But we are rushing on towards the hub of the universe in great London, and every mile of the way is [illegible] with the events of English history. That great white horse carved in the chalk cliffs of Wiltshire commemorates King Alfred's victory over the Danes. Passing through Slough we get a glimpse in the distance of Windsor Castle, and know that we are not far from the spot where the Barons forced King John to sign Magna Charta.

London at last—a brief two hours journey. Well, there is not space to describe our welcome, or the Staff College, or the things to be seen in the great city, so I will conclude this letter and talk about those things next week.

# PERSONALITIES.

Brigadier Jordan, of the International Training College, England, conducted a party of domestics to Canada. The Brigadier, while in Toronto, had a most pleasant stay with her erstwhile associate, Major Maggie Cameron, of the Toronto Training College.

Brigadier Cousins, Provincial Commander of the St. Louis Province, U. S. A., and an old Canadian Officer, recently visited T. H. Q. The Brigadier was accompanied by Major Merriweather, General Secretary.

Major Hamon, the National Auditor for the American field, also took in the sights and scenes of Toronto recently, and of course paid a visit to Headquarters.

Ensign Stitt has returned to T. H. Q. after his trip to Vancouver, full of the wonders of "The Golden West." Although his account of the journey almost makes his comrades envious, yet none wish for quite the same experience, which includes encounters with wash-outs on the line, and a whole day's delay because of a wreck.

The photograph of Mother Beare of Cobourg, which was reproduced in our last issue, was the work of Mr. Huston, a promient photographer and friend of The Army in Cobourg.

Mrs. C. Brett, the oldest lady in Spalding, Eng., who has just belebrated her 99th birthday, recently had her ardent desire to possess a photograph of The General satisfied when our Leader sent her a portrait of himself. Mrs. Brett was a member of the Free Methodist Chapel under The General, who was the first minister of the Spalding circuit.

Concerning General Baden-Powell, who has been travelling through the Dominion, Major Morris of Vancouver writes thus:

"In connection with the visit of General Baden-Powell to Vancouver, several of us had the opportunity of seeing him at the Depot. Adjutant Blackburn had the distinction during a free moment or two at the disposal of the General, to have a few words with the latter, when the Adjutant was questioned concerning the strength of The Army in Vancouver. The General seemed very much pleased with the answer that was given. He further said that he had on several occasions tried to get General Booth to attend certain meetings in connection with the Boy Scouts. The General said how delighted he would have been had it been possible for him to have had the benefit of our General's mind. Altogether the attitude of General Baden-Powell was friendly in the extreme."

The Chief Secretary has received the following message from Colonel Sharp:

"Leaving to-night for California. Memories of comradeship will ever remain. Appreciate love, loyalty, character. Do not forget us. Mispah!"

Our prayers and best wishes will accompany our dear Comrades. We believe that they will have a very successful time in their new command.

# The Fruit of Meekness.

By BRIGADIER EILEEN DOUGLAS.

"The meek shall eat and be satisfied." (Ps. xxii.: 26.)
"The meek will He guide in judgment; and the meek will He teach His way." (Ps. xxv.: 9.)
"The Lord lifteth up the meek." (Ps. cxlvii.: 6.)
"He will beautify the meek with salvation." (Ps. cxlix. 4.)
"Learn of Me; for I am meek and lowly in heart." (Matt. xi.: 29.)
"Let nothing be done through strife or vainglory." (Phil. ii.: 3.)
"Showing all meekness unto all men." (Titus iii.: 2.)
"Seek meekness." (Zeph. ii.: 3.)

PEOPLE very often sneer at meekness. "As meek as an old sheep," people say in disgust; as though that useful quadruped did not fill a very important place in the animal kingdom. To many meekness seems to be but another name for stupidity; and to say, "He's a meek fellow," to be only another way of saying, "He's such a fool!"

If you will glance over the texts at the head of this chapter you will learn the Bible idea of meekness; and if you will look it up in your Concordance you will see still more clearly the high value set upon it. God not only commands us to be meek, but He makes it very clear that such people are specially dear to Him.

The happiest people in the world are the meek. Self is kept so completely in the background that their feelings are seldom hurt, and resentment and anger have little or no place in their lives. As a rule, they are unobtrusive and retiring, and quite satisfied to take the proverbial "back seat," if God places them there.

But God has a way of finding these meek folk out and thrusting them to the front. He took Moses—who is called the meekest man on earth—and made him the leader of a great nation. He took The General out of the back streets where he was cheerfully and gladly working, and gave him a wonderful piece of work to do. Man offered him big things, a big church, and what they called big opportunities, but God pointed to a little piece of work. Ambition would have seized upon the big thing, but meekness obeyed God. Obedience is a chief characteristic of meekness.

It is only foolish, ignorant people who sneer at the meek, and call them stupid. It is a well-known fact that the wisest and most clever are the most simple and unassuming. Perhaps the reason of this is the fact that the more we learn of God and His ways, the more we realize how little after all we can know. We are like travellers who climb to the top of a hill to find vast new countries and still higher hills before them.

We had a very good illustration of this the other day. A party of girls and boys came home from an afternoon gathering on a neighbour's lawn. Many of the guests were strangers to our young people, who were much interested in meeting new companions.

"Of course there were some grown-ups," Anne remarked, and went over a number; "and there was a Professor—he was very nice."

"I'm sure, it was very good of a Professor to come to a boy-and-girl affair, and make himself agreeable," some one said.

"Oh," said Lily, loftily, "I don't see that. A Professor isn't so very much. I guess he isn't. He was just like anybody else. He seemed to have a good time too; he liked it all right."

Next day we found out that he was one of the best authorities on international law in America, and filled a position of honour in a leading university. Moreover, he had been selected to represent his country on the Peace Committee, and was a man of world-wide fame. But our little country boys and girls thought "he was just like anybody else!" I cannot think they would have liked him any better had he been pompous and dignified, and felt himself above eating a dish of ice-cream and talking pleasantly with the young man fresh from his first year in college.

"Learn of Me," said Jesus to His disciples—not how to perform miracles or address large gatherings, or sway men's hearts; but because—"I am meek and lowly in heart." They were to learn meekness and lowliness. Jesus knew that if they were meek God could teach them. People who are proud and high-minded do not want God to teach them anything. They want to be taught how to do big things and fill great positions; but the meek are satisfied with what He gives them.

Content to fill a little space,
If He be glorified.

Now meekness is not weakness, as some suppose. They fancy that the meek give in because they cannot stand up for their rights. Meekness is really strength, for God has promised to uplift the meek. The meek simply yield to a higher will than their own, and become tools for the hand of God. Meekness accepts His plan for them shown to them on the Mount, and obedience prompts them to make all things after it and to work it out day by day. It is the meek man who can truthfully say, "Mine eyes are ever towards the Lord," and in that attitude God speaks to them.

Many a rich blessing has been lost through "standing up for one's rights." "I'd rather go without my 'rights,'" Colonel Brengle said to someone who was indignant because another had taken an advantage of him. "I'd rather go without my 'rights,' than lose any of the sweetness out of my soul!"

"You might have both," a listener suggested.

He smiled: "I might, but I could not be sure. It is too big a risk to take."

We can't help our feelings, you say? That is exactly the point I have been trying to make. We cannot, but Jesus in us can. I have heard a young man excuse his pride and resentment by saying: "Oh, well, meekness comes with age; when I get older I'll do better. It's a virtue belonging to middle age." Yet Jesus was not an old man when He said: "Learn of Me, for I am meek and lowly,"—not in word or action or manner, but—"in heart." That is where meekness begins, in a blood-washed Christ-filled heart.

(To be continued.)

# PRELIMINARY NOTICE

Look out for particulars of special campaign in connection with each Corps in the Territory from Sunday, October 23rd, to Monday, November 7th, inclusive.

# T.H.Q. NOON-DAY KNEE-DRILL.

Times of refreshing are expected. Comrade Officers in all parts of the Territory will be remembered at the Throne of Heavenly Grace. The Leaders will be as follows: ... ... .....
FRI., SEPT. 23...BRIGADIER BOND
TUES., SEPT. 27...BRIG. MOREHEN
FRI., SEPT. 30.....
.... . STAFF-CAPT. DESBRISAY

On Tuesday, October 4th, at 4.30 p.m., in the Council Chamber, the Chief Secretary will conduct a meeting for T. H. Q. Staff, Training Home Staff, and Cadets, and City Officers. The speakers will be Lieut.-Colonel Turner and Major Cameron.

## ENVOY BROWN IN WELLAND.

Gives Life Story in Baptist Church. Welland.—On Saturday and Sunday, Sept. 3 and 4, we were visited by Brewer Brown, the ex-prize-fighter. Although he did not arrive until 7.30 p.m., when rain was falling fast, we had a rousing time on the open-air. Brewer in his rags drew the attention of a large crowd. He gave his thrilling life story in the Baptist Church. Rev. Mr. Robertson occupied the chair. Brewer's soul-stirring address in the Holiness meeting touched many hearts. In the prayer meeting three souls re-consecrated themselves to God. Our tent was crowded for both afternoon and night meetings.—A. H. T.

Captain Hannah Wylde, of St. John, (N.B.) Rescue Home, has been promoted to the rank of Ensign. Congratulations to our comrade.

Envoy and Mrs. Morgan, of Wales, who some months ago conducted a party of domestics to Vancouver, B. C., where they have had an enjoyable stay, have now returned to their native shores.

The Candidates' Department at T. H. Q. is showing signs of increased activity on account of the final preparations for the reception of Cadets, who are entering the Training College on Sept. 29th, the opening day for the session.

Captain and Mrs. Winchester, who have been on furlough in the Eastern Province, are now rejoicing over the arrival on August 14th of a baby son.

Captain McAmmond, who has been on furlough for several weeks, has now been appointed to take charge of Tweed, Ont.

Adjutants Ogilvie, Brace, and Strickland, of Newfoundland, have taken part in Clapton Congress Hall meetings since their arrival in the Old Land, (according to the British War Cry.)

Captain Halpenny has been appointed to be Cashier's section of the Financial Department at T. H. Q.

Captain Newell has been appointed to assist Staff-Captain and Mrs. McAmmond at the Detention Home in Winnipeg.

# THE HARVEST FESTIVAL

## THE Harvest Festival

### A Religious Duty to be Observed

### A MEANS OF HONORING GOD.

IN these days of rapid transportation, when the plenty of one part of the earth's surface can be quickly transported to where scarcity prevails, the horrors of a bad harvest are largely minimized, and to the great bulk of people who are not workers in the field a shortage in the grain crops, even of their own land, is not a matter that makes itself keenly felt by them. Nevertheless for all we eat and wear, we are as dependent now as in the most primitive stage of man, and need to acknowledge the goodness of our Heaven'y Father, Who maketh the sun to shine, and the rains to fall, and scattereth the hoarfrost like ashes, as much now as ever did the ancient Israelites, whose religious observances were so largely bound up with the giving of praise and thanksgiving to Jehovah for the fruits of the earth.

When the children of Israel entered the Promised Land, the Mosaic commands were very clear and emphatic upon the matter of Harvest Festivals. So much so that each of the three Great Annual Feasts instituted by Moses have direct connection with the ingathering of the fruits of the earth.

The Feast of the Passover, or Unleavened Bread, which was the first and the greatest of these annual feasts, began on the 14th day of Nisan (March and April). This anniversary of the exodus from Egypt was, after the Israelites had settled in the Land of Canaan, connected with the ancient Harvest Festival—the wheat harvest of Palestine being in April. At this festival the first ripe sheaf of the year was brought to the Priest, to be waved by him before the Lord in thank-offering.

The Feast of Pentecost was the second of the great Jewish feasts, and was held on the fiftieth day after the second day of the Passover. It was also called "the Feast of the Harvest," and "the First-Fruits of Labour." The fifty days, of which it was the last, represented the period covered by the grain harvest—the Sheaf of the Passover denoting the beginning of the harvest, and the offering of Two Loaves at the Pentecost denoting the termination of the harvest, the loaves, which were to be of the finest flour, being the distinguishing feature of the ceremony.

The Feast of the Tabernacles began on the 15th day of the month Tirsi (September and October). It was instituted principally to commemorate the wandering tent life which the children of Israel led in the Wilderness, but like the Passover and Pentecost, it had an agricultural reference, and was held in celebration of the close of the harvest of the fruits, of wine and oil as well as corn, in consequence of which it was also called the Feast of the Ingathering. This was also the month of ploughing and sowing for the next year's harvest.

So important, therefore, are the fruits of the earth to mankind that every phase of their ingathering was by the command of God made the occasion of a celebration by His chosen people.

These feasts were given unto the Jews to be "statutes for ever."

The principles contained in them were given by God to all men for all time.

Briefly, there are two great principles which God ordained should be observed in the Harvest Festival, let the outward form of Festival be what it may. They are:

1. The grateful acknowledgment of God and our indebtedess to Him for the bounties of the harvest.

2. The remembering and the helping of the poor and the stranger in our midst.

When on Mount Sinai, the Lord, amidst thunder and lightning, spake unto Moses out of the thick cloud, and gave unto him all the statutes and commandments upon which the civilization of to day is laid, He commanded that the poor, the stranger, and the widow should be considered in the manner so specifically enunciated in the portions of Scripture placed conspicuously on this page.

On every occasion in the Holy Scriptures where the feasts of the ingathering of the fruits of the earth are mentioned, the cause of the stranger, the fatherless, and the widow is strenuously put forth. A clear reminder that what good the Lord hath done to us, the same should we do for the needy.

The pious Israelite of old set apart a tenth of his income for "the Lord's tithe;" the first-born of the household and his flocks and herds were "the Lord's"—redeemable but still His; the fourth year's fruit and young trees were sacred to his God; and the crowning act came in the time of harvest. When the corn was ripe and the fruit ready for the plucking, he remembered the poor—the corners of the field, with their standing crops, the gleanings and forgotten sheaves, the fallen fruit, and the overloaded olives and grapes were for them. Then he set aside another tenth of his income for the expenses of going up to the Sanctuary, and selected certain animals for thank-offerings, in payment of vows, etc. The first-fruits of the harvest he put into a capacious basket, and, bringing them to the priest, said: "I profess this day unto the Lord thy God, that I am come unto the country which the Lord sware unto our fathers for to give us."

The basket was placed upon the altar, and the offerer solemnly repeated the beautiful confession and profession of faith, commencing: "A Syrian ready to perish was my father," and concluding with the words: "And now, behold, I have brought the first of the fruit of the ground which Thou, O Lord, hast given me." (Deut xxvi.: 5-10). After this, there would be prayer and rejoicing—in fact, a state'y foreshadowing of the Harvest Festival in a Salvation Army Citadel.

It is a far cry from the days of Moses to our own, and many changes have taken place in the interval, but with the Lord a thousand years is as one day; He is still the Lord of the Harvest, and His people have even more cause to honour Him with "first-fruits" than in the ages when the

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# HARVEST FESTIVAL — YOU SHOULD TRE

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The Saviour's short ministry on earth was full of lessons as to the beauty of giving, and finally He gave Himself on Calvary for the salvation of the world. Then in the days of transition from the Old to the New Dispensation, it is quite clear that the early Christians gave a good deal more than the Jewish "tenth" for the purposes of the work and the support of poorer brethren. It is clear from the writings of St. Paul that every one was expected to give, according to his or her means, and assuredly there would be special gifts at the time of harvest.

"Giving" to the Lord is indeed a very beautiful custom, and brings many blessings to those who practise it in the right spirit, gladly, and with "a single eye" to the glory of God. That He does both require and bless such giving is the lesson of history and of Holy writ.

"Bring ye all the tithes into the storehouse, that there may be meat in Mine house, and prove Me now herewith, saith the Lord of hosts, if I will not open you the windows of Heaven, and pour you a blessing, that there shall not be room enough to receive it."

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# THE GENERAL

## A Magnificent Reception at Scarborough.

### A SPLENDID TRIBUTE.

The General's recent week-end visit to Scarboro was a great tribute to his popularity and his powers of endurance. The Sunday meetings were held in the Hippodrome, a cosy and brilliantly lighted place, hardly built for the work of soul-saving, but easily adapted to that purpose. The General preached in it many years ago, when it was a circus. The building, we understand, seats something over 2,000 persons.

Our Leader, who quickly got on sympathetic terms with his audience, spoke upon what he called a welcome topic—"A happy religion, and how to get it."

The afternoon gathering furnished many incidents that will stamp themselves for all time upon the minds and hearts of those present. The brilliant assembly of townspeople and visitors who filled every part of the Hippodrome provided a picture calculated to inspire any speaker. The General's lecture was a masterly effort, and the substance and character of the speeches which followed left the critic not a leg to stand upon.

His Worship the Mayor (Councillor W. Ascough, J.P.), who was accompanied by the Mayoress, presided, and was supported by most of the leading citizens, representing many and varied interests—political, social, and religious. Among these were Alderman J. W. Rowntree and Councillor Allan Rowntree of philanthropic fame, and Captain Archibald Weigall, who, with his bride, the Baroness Eckhardstein, is staying at Londesborough Lodge the Scarborough residence of the Earl of Londesborough.

In a charming introductory speech, delivered with evident sincerity and conviction, and with an air of genial hospitality that completely won all hearts, the Mayor said:

"My friends.—As your representative for the time being, I extend in your name a hearty, a sympathetic, and a loving welcome to The General this afternoon. There had been," continued his Worship, "a divine instinct implanted in most men and women which made them feel that they were not in the world for themselves alone. As far as The General was concerned, he had interpreted and interpreted well the first words of the Lord's Prayer: "Our Father." Those of them who were parents and had a sick or afflicted child knew thoroughly well on whom their affections and attentions were most lavishly bestowed. The General had adopted the same principle with poor

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WHEN THOU GATHEREST THE GRAPES OF THY VINEYARD, THOU SHALT NOT GLEAN IT AFTERWARD: IT SHALL BE FOR THE STRANGER, FOR THE FATHERLESS, AND FOR THE WIDOW."

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"You wouldn't be here," said his Worship, "if you didn't believe in the great and good work The Army is doing, and in the brave and fighting men who undertake it." Then, turning to The General, he added: "I can assure you, General, we Scarborough people owe you our grateful thanks, and we do give you our sympathetic and loving welcome."

The General in his lecture, which for deep human interest, argumentative force, and comprehensiveness has never been surpassed, carried the hearts and judgment of his audience with him all the time.

Speaking of the Small Holdings scheme, which has always been very near his heart, The General repeated the challenge he made last week. If, he said, the Government would lend him a million pounds he could place 2,000 families, or, counting women and children, 10,000 persons on the land, and enable them to earn their own livelihood. He would make them into one great co-operative society. If this method were carried out, he would be able to cover the country with garden villages, pay the Government 2½ per cent. interest, and repay capital in forty years.

Captain Weigall, in proposing a vote of thanks, described the duty allotted to him as his proud privilege.

"He was sure the audience would agree with him that in The General's lecture they had witnessed a magnificent physical feat, and enjoyed a great intellectual treat. As a near relative of Lord Londesborough, who had the interests of The Army entirely at heart, he was there as his lordship's representative, and had it been at any other time than the present, when they were spending their honeymoon, his wife, the baroness, would have been only too pleased to be present.

"It does appear to me," said the speaker—and I am sure ministers of all denominations will agree with me—that The Salvation Army is the very

(Continued on Page Eleven.)

# THE WEEK-END'S DESPATCHES

## The Kingdom of Heaven suffereth violence and the violent take it by force.

## WHAT ARE YOU DOING?

### A VISITOR CONDUCTS MEETINGS

**Farewell of a Useful Comrade.**

**Smith's Harbor.**—This place is worked as an outpost from Harry's Harbor. It is only once in a month or so that we see an Army Officer, but on Sunday we had with us Ensign England, who is paying a visit to her sister. The Ensign led two meetings, which were much enjoyed. Bro. Charles L. King and his wife, who took the Ensign across the bay in a boat, farewelled for New York. By the kind arrangement of Ensign England, the meetings were turned int farewell meetings. Brother King has been a faithful Soldier, and has been taking the Officers back and forth here for five years. He will be missed not only by the Officers, but the people who have been watching his faithfulness in working for the salvation of souls.

### DAY OF MIRACLES NOT PAST.

**Major McLean Proves This.**

**Windsor.**—We have just had a visit from our D. C.'s, Major and Mrs. McLean. Saturday night was an old-fashioned free-and-easy ,followed by ice-cream and cake.

All day Sunday was a blessed day, and it was evident much conviction was felt, many persons holding up their hands desiring our prayers.

On Monday night the Major gave his very interesting lecture entitled "Miracles, Past and Present," which was much enjoyed, and left no doubt as to the fact that the day of miracles is not yet past. Good crowds attended these meetings; our income was more than doubled. We are looking forward to the time when we shall again have our D. C.'s with us. Eight souls have recently knelt at the Mercy-Seat, and we feel others are soon coming.—A. G. Gressive.

### FORTY-FIVE ON THE MARCH.

**Open-Air Drew Great Crowds.**

**Lethbridge, Alta.**—Good times all day on Sunday. The Band took charge of the meetings. Sergt.-Major Rosaine led the Holiness Meetings. Band-Sergeant Tulloch and Bro. Bulpitt conducted the afternoon meeting. Old-time Salvation Army songs were sung. Every comrade was eager to testify. The night's open-air was a success in every sense, especially so in drawing great crowds to listen to the singing and music. Forty-five Soldiers were on the march. Bro. Hooker and T. Wood conducted the inside meeting. Although Captain Adams was called away to Nelson, B.C., to take charge of the work for two weeks, God helped Lieut. Stride and comrades to keep the battle waging.—H. Dawson, Y. P. Sect.

**Shelburne** Corps has been visited by G. B. M. Agent, Captain Illes. His lively spiritual meetings were much enjoyed, also his lantern lecture.—M.E.

### MAJOR AND MRS. GREEN IN BRANTFORD

**Fifty-two Consecrations.**

On Monday (Aug. 22) Deputy Bandmaster Tom Lawlar conducted a practice of the string band. Sister Clark has been welcomed into the songster brigade. On Tuesday the soldier's meeting was ably led by Captain Martin, assisted by her father Sergt. Martin, a much larger number than usual attending. The inside meeting on Saturday night was led by Sergt. Major Shrubsole. The Rev. Mr. Justice, the Presbyterian minister of West Brantford, spoke a few words of farewell as he is shortly leaving the Telephone City. The soldiers sang "God Be With You Till We Meet Again."

Major and Mrs. Green, the Divisional Commanders of Hamilton, spent Sunday in this city. The Major took the Holiness Meeting at eleven, his words being a source of much blessing and soul searching to the soldiers.

At night, after a remarkable address by Major Green, fifty-two Soldiers reconsecrated themselves to God.

### REVIVAL MEETINGS AT OTTAWA II.

**Major Simco Has Great Time.**

**Ottawa II.**—We had Major Simco with us for five days. We shall never forget those days, for they were full of blessing and power. About thirty souls knelt at the Mercy Seat. A tent was erected for the special services, which great crowds attended. At some of the services the grounds outside the tent were crowded. Our own people have been helped, and as a Corps we feel more than ever like fighting to the finish. We shall be delighted to have the Major again, and we hope next time to have her for some weeks. People are still asking: "Where is that lady—the revivalist?"—Chas. Allen, Adjt.

### VISITORS FROM TORONTO.

**Brampton.**—On Aug. 27 and 28, we had with us Captain Varnell, one of our former officers; also Bro. and Sister Clark of Parliament street, Toronto. Crowds and finances were above the average. On Sunday, Sept. 4th, the meetings were conducted by Captain Clark and Sergt. Smith of Toronto. We closed the day rejoicing over souls seeking salvation.—Soldier.

**Guelph** was favoured with a visit from Brigadier Taylor, Principal of the Training College, on Saturday and Sunday, Sept. 3 and 4. His lecture, "Through the School of the Prophets," also his addresses, were much enjoyed. The comrades of the Corps united with Ensign and Mrs. Macdonald, the Corps officers, in extending the Brigadier a hearty invitation to "Come again."—G. M.

### JOYFUL AND PROSPEROUS.

**A Surprise for the Band.**

**Owen Sound.**—Our Corps is progressing spiritually, and we are adding to our numbers. The last few Sundays souls have been born again for the Kingdom. We have just had a visit from Adjutant Crocker of Ottawa. We were helped and blessed by her Sunday morning talks. We have also had a visit from Sergeant Mrs. Henderson of Toronto Training College, accompanied by her daughter Violet, who always wears a sweet smile. Altogether, we have had some most joyous meetings. Finances are good. Our Ensign does not believe in neglecting the public. She invariably holds two or more open-airs on a Monday night, and both sings and preaches the Gospel to the crowds, who never get tired of listening. On Monday night the Ensign and Captain arranged a pleasant surprise for the Band. After the usual Corps open-air on the streets, and after the Band's practice, the officers very kindly invited the Bandsmen to a beautiful supper in the Junior Hall. The coming Harvest Festival effort was talked over, and now we feel that the target will be smashed.

### VISITORS FROM BRANTFORD.

**Tillsonburg.**—We have just been favored with a visit from two comrades from the Telephone City, namely Bandsmen Godden and Sergeant-Major Shrubsole. Although the weather was somewhat unpleasant, a fair number came to see and listen to the visitors, who also gave us some good music and singing. Bro. Godden read to us from God's Word, and one soul came for salvation.

The Harvest Festival effort is the theme of the hour, and we are glad to report that everything is going on nicely. More anon.—Capt. Crawford, C. O.

### GREAT HOME-COMING AT No. 1.

**Toronto 1.**—On Sunday, August 21, four souls sought salvation. On Monday a party of Songsters from Dovercourt gave us an interesting meeting. The singing of "Tell Me the Story of Jesus" and "There's No Love Like His," by one of the visiting sisters, made a great impression on the audience. Five souls sought pardon. Three were backsliders. On Sunday, Sept. 4th, Captain and Mrs. Townsend led on. Bandsman Watson from England was welcomed. Three persons came forward.

### ADVANCES AT POINT LEAMINGTON

On Sunday, August 21st, Ensign H. Wiltshire farewelled from this Corps, after a stay of eleven months. The Ensign has been a great blessing to us. A new S. A. Hall has been built, twenty soldiers added to the roll, and a number of souls have sought salvation. On Tuesday, August 23rd, we had an outing. A very enjoyable time was spent.

### BRIGADIER BOND AT YORKVILLE

**Brigadier Bond conducted the service at Yorkville on Sunday night. A very impressive meeting was held, and two souls sought salvation. Two returned to God in the morning's meeting.**

### BAND SUNDAY AT RIVERDALE

**An Inspiring Week-End.**

**Riverdale.**—The Band under Bandmaster (Captain) Myers conducted the meetings on Saturday and Sunday, Sept. 3rd and 4th. As a result, crowds were exceptionally large, the open airs had more than usual interest, as did the inside meetings. Music was the feature of the week-end. The Band turned out in good numbers on Saturday night, and conducted the open-airs.

On Sunday morning the Holiness Meeting was led by Bandsman Bailey. A sister from Buffalo testified to 25 years' service for God and The Army, while another from Puget Sound spoke from 45 years' experience.

A musical programme was given in the afternoon. "Hebrew Melodies No. 1" was especially good to hear, also the "Hallelujah Medley," "Spanish Chant," and "Experience." The hall was full. At night it was packed. Bandsmen Martin and Copper were the leaders. The Band and Songsters were at their best. At least two souls sought salvation.

### TWENTY CONVERSIONS IN ONE MONTH

**West Toronto.**—Brigadier and Mrs. Morehen, our D. C.'s, conducted councils with the Officers of their division, in our Hall on Wednesday, Aug. 24th. Over thirty officers were present.

At night a great salvation demonstration took place. The Hall was gorged. Every officer took part in the meeting, which was of the old-fashioned, hot, strong, and saving type. Five souls sought salvation.

On Sunday night, August 28, the Captain gave an address on the "Three Horses." We had a full hall, and at the close of the meeting five at the Mercy Seat. On Thursday night two Corps Cadets, Sisters Walker and Hartley, led the meeting. One soul was saved. Sunday, another time of power, when our Captain's address again brought a full hall. The singing of Sister Vanderheiden of London I. Corps was appreciated. Four souls knelt at the Cross, making 20 souls saved in one month.—F. B. Envoy.

### SEVEN RECRUITS ENROLLED

**A Visit to Dad Plant.**

**Hespeler, Ont.**—In the night welcome on Sunday, Sept. 4th, Capt. Hill enrolled seven comrades under the yellow, red, and blue flag. Sister Johnson and Ainsworth sang a duet. One soul sought God. On Monday (Labor Day), the Band and Corps visited Dad Plant, who has been ill and unable to attend the meetings. The occasion was his 81st birthday. We had a good time, and Dad did too. He said that he felt like dancing. Our Band is improving fast, and we hope soon to get No. 2 Band in solidity.

### THE ARMY'S ADAPTABILITY.

**Chatham, N.B.**—We have welcomed Cadet Sherwood, who has come to assist Captain Gray. Good meetings all day Sunday. Last week we served dinner for scores of visitors in the town. The profits are to be spent in furnishing the Officers' quarters.—Worker.

# The General at Scarborough.

(Continued From Page Nine.)

best Organization in the country, because it has brought home the meaning of true, practical religion to a section of the people who otherwise would not have known it. Speaking as an ordinary man in the street, I cannot help feeling that, unless a man or woman has some sort of religion to hang on to, he or she cannot possibly have pease of mind; and without peace of mind no one can enjoy happiness.

"Every individual who has the greatest good of the greatest number at heart owes a deep debt of gratitude to The Salvation Army, which has done so much for the submerged classes, and so much to improve the conditions of national life.

"So impressed have I been this afternoon with The General's energy, ability, and eloquence that I cannot help feeling that, apart altogether from the good it has done, a movement which has a man who is so genuinely inspired at its head, deserves for that reason alone to enjoy success.

"When General Booth's time on earth ends, I hope I shall not appear too presumptuous if I suggest, in the name of this Meeting, that this tribute be paid to him: "Well done, good and faithful servant!" (Loud applause, during which Captain Welgall passed The General a cheque towards The Army's work.)"

Mr. Percy Armstrong, M.A., Headmaster of Scarborough College, assured The General of the affection of the people of the town.

### SOCIAL SECRETARY AND STAFF-CAPT. SIMS

**At Temple—Meetings on Labour Day.**

Lieut.-Col. and Mrs. Pugmire, accompanied by Staff-Captain Sims, conducted the services on Sunday, Sept. 4th, at The Temple, Toronto. The congregations were very large; at night the auditorium was packed. A number of penitents knelt at the penitent-form and cried for mercy. The services were of a most powerful character. Offerings amounted to over sixty dollars.

On Monday (Labour Day) Mrs. Adjt. Kendall and a good number of her warriors held open-air and inside meetings. In the afternoon a backslider for over 12 years returned to God. At night three men sought salvation.

### FAREWELL MESSAGE BACKSLIDER RETURNS

**Glace Bay.**—Our Hall was crowded on Sunday night. Mrs. Ritchie read the farewell message from Lieut.-Col. Sharp, and at the close of the meeting we rejoiced to see one backslider come back to the fold.—A Soldier.

### HELP FROM AN OUTPOST.

**Napanee.**—A good day on Sunday, September 4th. In the afternoon we had our comrades from Newburg, who came in a party to help us in the fight.

At night two backsliders knelt at the penitent-form and found peace. Crowds and finances good for the week-end.—G. V.

# A TEN DOLLAR BILL.

**Will be given at Christmas to any one of our readers who will send us what is decided to be the best Salvation Story.**

IN the past this competition has been limited to Officers, but this year we have decided to throw it open to all our readers. So any of our Comrades can receive a ten-dollar bill for a story of 500 words.

The story must conform to the following conditions:

1. The story must relate to the war in Canada or Newfoundland.

2. Should not exceed five hundred words.

3. The incident may refer to the writer's own experience, or may have been told to the writer by some other person. The writer will be held responsible for the truth of the incident.

4. The incident must illustrate the power of God's Salvation, and the effectiveness of Army methods, and may refer to the conversion of sinners by answers to prayer, by means of testimonies, or meetings in the open-air or hall, by War Cry selling, or any special efforts.

NOTE.—That which constitutes the best story will be its interesting and instructive qualities. The more novel or extraordinary the story the greater its interest. The more unpromising the character converted the more instructive will be the incident.

Get on to this right away by getting some one to tell you a good story or by rubbing up your own memory.

## SPECIAL COMPETITION FOR BANDSMEN.

### TEN DOLLARS FOR THE BEST STORY.

Bands will be a feature in the next Christmas Cry, so we have decided to offer a prize of ten dollars for the best story of how a soul was led to Christ through the instrumentality of an Army band. This competition is limited to Bandsmen only, and the story should not contain more than 500 words.

Those who take part in these competitions must send in their contributions not later than the last day of September.

### TWO VOLUNTEERS FOR SALVATION

**Springhill, N.S.**—We have had a visit from our D. C. (Brigadier Adby) for the week-end. The meetings were a means of great help to the comrades. Two souls sought salvation, both being volunteers. We wished that the Brigadier could have stayed with us longer.

### THREE RECRUITS ENROLLED.

**In Presence of Big Crowd.**

**Feversham.**—Souls are being saved, and believers strengthened. Since our new Officers have been here we have had the joy of seeing seven souls saved and four soldiers sanctified.

Sunday last the Captain conducted an enrollment of three recruits, in the presence of about 300 people. In the after meeting one soul found pardon. We have our H. F. Target, and by the determined looks on our Officers' and Soldiers' faces, we believe it is already smashed. Outposts (three) report good meetings, big crowds, finances improving. Our Saturday night open-air is much appreciated.

### FAREWELL TO CAPTAIN OXFORD.

**Norman's Cove.**—On August 21 we said good-bye to Captain Oxford. She was our first Officer, and since she took charge has brought many blessings to us. She has had the joy of seeing over one hundred souls at the Mercy Seat. We always felt God very near when she was leading us on. So when the time came to say good-bye, both Soldiers and friends felt it hard to part. The farewell service was conducted on Sunday night by the Captain. She was assisted by a friend, who accompanied the singing with an organ.—Lizzie A. Temple, J. S. M.

### BIG TIME WITH THE MUSICAL MARVEL

**Somerset, Bermuda.**—From August 19th to the 22nd we had with us Ensign Urquhart from Moncton, N.B.

The Ensign gave two musical meetings, which were a great treat.

Large crowds attended the meetings, many persons having to stand outside the Hall.

Our new Officers, Capt. Smith and Lieut. McDonald, are taking hold in good style. They have started Holiness Meetings. These are being well attended.—A Soldier.

### THE DEVIL WAS UPSET.

**Brigadier Taylor Charms People.**

**Paris.**—We had a visit this week-end from Major and Mrs. Green. Their singing on the Front street on the Saturday night was greatly appreciated by the people. Sunday was a day of power—the Devil was really upset. At night the Major and Mrs. Green spoke with power, and we finished up with four souls at the Mercy Seat.

On Tuesday night we had a visit from Brigadier Taylor. He lectured to a very interested audience on "The School of the Prophets." So interesting was it that some of us felt we would like to have a term there. Keep believing, Brigadier.—Geo. Sparks.

### NEW OFFICERS; NEW PEOPLE.

**Dunnville.**—This Corps has just welcomed Captain Johnson. Many new people are attending the Sunday meetings, and many are under deep conviction.

On Thursday, Sept. 1st a man and a woman got blessedly saved. Faith runs high for Harvest Festival. The Soldiers are believing for victory.—Bandmaster.

## AURORA REJOICES

**Over Visit of Divisional Songsters.**

**Aurora.**—The visit of the Divisional Songsters, Brigadier and Mrs. Morehen, to this Corps was an unprecedented success, spiritually, financially, and numerically. The week-end operations commenced with a splendid open-air service on Saturday night at the "Foutnain," the Brigadier leading in vigorous style. The attractive appearance and sweet singing of the Songsters drew a large crowd. Inside the Hall an exceptionally good crowd for Saturday night listened with intense pleasure and appreciation to the excellent programme of music and song.

Sunday morning's Holiness Meeting was full of blessing and inspiration, and Captain Cox's address deeply impressed all present.

Sunday afternoon's service in the Mechanics' Hall was an eye-opener to all concerned, nearly 500 persons being present, among whom were the elite of the town. Mr. Walton, who presided at the gathering, warmly eulogized the work of The Army, and incidentally mentioned that he had been a constant reader of the War Cry for over 20 years. The Songsters, under the leadership of Bro. W. Nicol, surpassed all their previous efforts, and the programme rendered, which included a euphonium solo by Captain Ernest Pugmire, called forth praise on every hand, from the Chairman down. At this service alone $25.00 was contributed.

The evening service in the Mechanics' Hall was a fitting climax to the week-end's campaign. Mrs. Morehen gave a most powerful address, and when the Brigadier drew in the net eight souls came boldly to the Mercy Seat. The few faithful Soldiers of Aurora shouted and clapped their hands over such a glorious night.

At these special services the congregations totalled just on eleven hundred. The income was $77.

Ensign Gammaidge is to be heartily congratulated for the excellent local arrangements, and at her invitation, as well as at the urgent request of Treasurer Proctor (Postmaster of Aurora) the Songsters have provisionally arranged to re-visit the Corps in the early part of November.

### TIDINGS FROM SUMMERSIDE.

**Summerside, P.E.I.**—A backslider returned last Sunday evening, and when the invitation was given to those desiring our prayers, two young men held up their hands.

We recently held a picnic at Bedeque for our young people.

Bro. Henry is still at his post, although he walks three miles to every meeting.

Captain and Mrs. Squarebriggs are still holding the fort.

Our open-airs are largely attended, and the collections are good. The Sergeant-Major read the lesson last Sunday evening, when the Captain went up to Alberton to conduct meetings with our Soldiers there.—Avril Wilson.

**Chatham.**—Brigadier Taylor's first visit to Chatham will long be remembered by the instructive and interesting lecture "Through the School of the Prophets," which he delivered with great effect. A large crowd was present.—Frank Ham, Lieut.

# The Tiger of the Sea.

## A SENSATIONAL NATURAL HISTORY STORY.

The Progress of the Squid Was Backward.

THROUGH the broad, indolent, green-purple swells, ruffled and crisped along their tops by a mild breeze, the cow orca went wallowing contentedly, her calf swimming close to her side.

She was a good twenty feet in length, the great orca—or "killer whale," as she would have been dubbed by any sailor or fisherman who might have chanced to cast eyes upon her. She would have been recognized at once from all the other members of her whale-and-porpoise tribe by the immense dorsal fin, not far from five feet high, rising erect from the broad and massive black curve of her back; by the two conspicuous white streaks on her black flank; and by the sharply defined line of her cream-white belly as she rolled lazily on the slope of a swell.

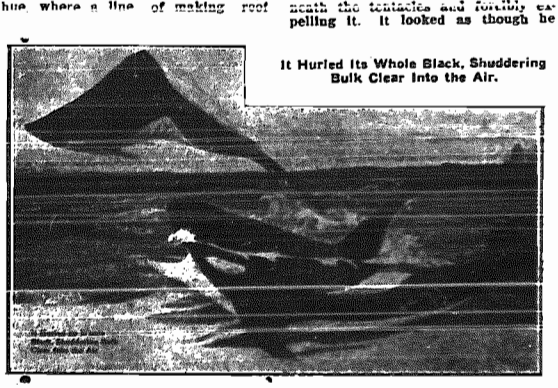
Little cause for apprehension had the calf of the orca so long as it kept near its mother, for this most swift and savage of all the cetaceans feared nothing that swam except her giant cousin, the cachalot or sperm-whale. Though but twenty feet long she would attack and kill, through the sheer ferocity of her fury, the great whalebone or "right" whale, of fully four times her length and many times her bulk. Man she might have feared, had she ever learned his power; but being poor in blubber her tribe had never tempted man to so difficult and perilous a hunting. There were sharks, to be sure, that might equal or surpass her in size; but none even to approach her in savagery, speed, or cunning.

Suddenly, with no sound but a great sucking gurgle as the waters closed above her, she dived. Far down in the obscurity she had caught sight of a pallid, sprawling form. It was an octopus, which had been so ill-advised as to leave its customary home among the rocks of the bottom and seek new feeding grounds. Before it had time even to attempt escape, the great jaws of the killer engulfed it. For one moment its eight long tentacles writhed desperately, clutching at its captor's lips. Then they vanished, sucked in and swallowed at a gulp. Thereupon, the orca sailed leisurely back to the sunlit surface, met on the way up by her anxious calf, which had not been quite quick enough to follow its mother's lightning descent. She had not been two minutes absent, and never for an instant out of sight. But the youngster's instinct warned it well that the mild blue element in which it dwelt was full of dangers.

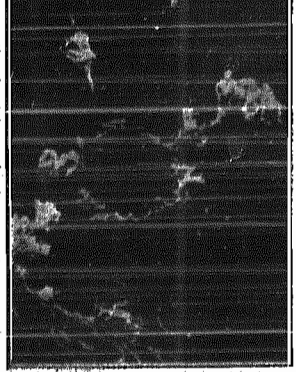
The octopus, though a large one, had been but a mouthful for the great killer, a stimulus, merely, to her vast appetite. She journeyed now with a keener eye upon the depths. Presently the deep blue-green of the water began to change to a lighter beryl hue, where a line of making reef came up to within some thirty feet of the surface and caught the sun. Here, basking, lay a broad, flat, batlike creature, with wing-fins a dozen feet across, and a long, whiplike tail. Its cold, moveless eyes, staring upward, caught sight of the killer's body slowly plowing the surface. With an almost imperceptible movement of the black wings it slid from the reef and plunged for refuge in the depths.

But the giant ray had not been quick or stealthy enough to evade its enemy's eye. Again the orca dived, this time without need of silence; and so swiftly that her broad flukes, rising straight into the air, came down upon the water with a report that resounded all the way in to the shore. Her descent was straight as a plummet's. The ray, seeing it, was seized with panic. It darted to one side, and shot upward again at a terrific pace, on a magnificent sweeping curve. With the force of that uprush it hurled its whole black, shuddering bulk clear into the air, where it turned and for one instant hung, flapping darkly, as if the very madness of its terror had driven it to the conquest of a new element.

To the nervous calf it was a prodigy of horror, blotting out the sun. But this violent excursion into the air was of only a second or two's duration, and futile as it was brief. As the flat, black wings came down again with an enormous splash, the pursuing orca arose almost beneath them, seized them and dragged them under. There was no fight, the ray being powerless against its mighty opponent—only a moment's blind, frantic struggle in the foaming swirls, and then a spreading stain of red on the green sea.



It Hurled Its Whole Black, Shuddering Bulk Clear Into the Air.



With a Dull Crash the Body of His Pursuer Struck the Rock.

This, now, was a full and sufficing meal, even for such an appetite as the orca's; and many neglected fragments of it went spreading and sinking away to feed the innumerable scavenging crabs that lurked in the weeds and hollows of the sunken reef. The orca, for the next half hour or so, remained where she was, rolling contentedly in the bright water above the reef, nursing and caressing her calf, and digesting her meal. Then she slowly continued her journey, slanting in toward shore until she was not more than half a mile from the chain of precipitous islets and broken promontories that fringed this dangerous coast.

It was now full noon, and the unclouded sunlight, striking almost straight downward upon the surface of the sea, revealed the bottom at an amazing depth. Poised about half-way down the glimmering transparency, a large squid, or cuttlefish, was swimming at leisure. His narrow, tapering body was about six feet in length, and perhaps fifteen inches in diameter at the broadest part, which was the head. From this formless head, seeming to sprout from it as leaf-stalks from the head of a carrot, grew a bunch of tentacles, ten in number and of about the same length as the body. Body and tentacles alike were of a pallid, dirty yellow-gray, with brownish spots—a color that made its wearer almost invisible in that sun-penetrated sea. The progress of the squid was backward, and he achieved it not by moving his tentacles but by sucking a volume of water into a great muscular sac beneath the tentacles and forcibly expelling it. It looked as though he were breathing water and using it to blow himself along.

The orca was by no means hungry, so soon after the feast that she had made on the giant ray; but the succulent morsel of the squid was a temptation not to be resisted. Tipping smoothly, her huge but finely-modelled black-and-white form shot straight downward through the shimmering flood. But before she could reach him the squid looked up and saw her. On the instant his ten loose tentacles tightened to a rigid bundle which offered no obstruction to his progress; his pale sides contracted with a mighty convulsion, expelling a volume of water which shot him along with the speed of a torpedo from its tube; and at the same time, from a gland within the propulsion sac, he squirted forth a jet of inky fluid which spread at once into a great cloud of black, veiling his flight. Behind that concealment he changed his direction and fled downward toward a deep crevice in the rocky bottom, where he knew that the jaws of his enemy would not be able to reach him.

The orca, undeterred, plunged straight onward into the inky cloud. But once well within that gloom she lost all track of her intended prey. She even, for the moment, lost herself. This way and that she darted, snapping her vast jaws ravenously, but in vain. They closed on nothing but the empty and tainted water. At last, and quite unexpectedly, she emerged from the blackness into the transparent green, and glancing upward she saw a sight that caused her to hurl herself madly to the surface with a titanic sweep of her great flukes. That furious stroke made the depths boil like the thrust of a liner's propellers.

The calf, having started to follow its mother into the depths, had been frightened by that inky cloud into which it had seen her vanish. Returning in a flurry to the surface, it was swimming around aimlessly and anxiously, when it caught the eye of a wandering shark.

The shark, knowing very well what it was, looked around for the mother. He had no desire to be uncivil to a mother orca. But there was no mother in sight. He did not understand it; but he was ragingly hungry, and such an opportunity was quite irresistible. He rose at the calf with a rush, and turned over on his side, exposing his livid white belly to seize the prize. The calf, appalled at the black, triangular, many-toothed cavern that gaped so suddenly before him, writhed away just in time, and began swimming in a big circle around the spot where its mother had dived.

Again the shark rushed, but he had to turn on his side to bring his curious underset jaws into play; and the calf of the orca had already the nimbleness of its tribe. Again the attack failed. Before he could repeat it, he caught sight of the mother shooting up from the green depths. Though he was some twenty-five feet in length—a good five feet longer than the orca—he turned and fled for his life.

One glance assured the mother that her little one was unhurt. Then she darted after the aggressor at a pace that made his flight quite futile. He had not gone fifty yards when she was upon him, open-jawed. Hurling himself convulsively aside he just succeeded in evading that first resistless charge. With the courage of desperation he twisted himself about, turned half over, glided beneath his adversary's belly, and caught at her with his triangular jaws. But she had already swerved aside, and he failed to get a fair hold. He did, indeed, rend out a mass of hide and blubber; but he reached no vital point, and the raging "killer" hardly felt the wound. Whirling with a violence that sent the foam and spray spurting into the air, she caught the base of the shark's tail between her immense jaws.

So far as anything like a fight was concerned, this was the end of it. For several minutes the gigantic struggle went on, dashing the discolored water yards high; but it was all on one side, as the orca shook and crushed and tore the life out of her beaten opponent. At last she drew off, leaving a mangled mass to sink slowly into the depths.

The breeze, which up to now had been little but a succession of catspaws, settled into a steady draft, though not strong enough to do more than darken the surface of the sea to a heavy purple. Running free before it, up along the coast—between the cliffs and the islands—came a small catboat, her one sail sparkling white in the clear sunshine.

The tiny craft contained two passengers—the man at the helm, smoking a big brier pipe, and a silky brown retriever, curled up at the foot of the mast.

Passing at a distance of eighty or a hundreds yards, Gardner was seized with a fool idea. This was a good chance for a shot. He flung a knee over the tiller to keep his course steady, snatched up the rifle, and fired at a spot just behind the orca's big flipper—about where he judged the heart would be.

To Gardner's astonishment, the monster itself made no immediate response to the shot, but instantly, from under its flank, there began a wild commotion. Something there fell to threshing the water frantically; and the monster, swinging about, gazed at that something with great and anxious concern. She stroked it with her flipper as if trying to calm it; and then Gardner saw that it was the young of the monster that he had struck. At this he felt full of remorse. Had he seen the calf he would not have fired at either parent or little one. He was not wantonly cruel, but only thoughtless. For a few seconds he stared irresolutely. Then, judging from its actions that the calf had received a mortal wound, he decided that he ought to put it out

(Continued on Page Fourteen.)

# OUR INTERNATIONAL NEWS LETTER

International Headquarters,

## Great Britain.

The General has been appointed to the Lord Mayor of London's Mansion House Committee on King Edward's Memorial.

Commissioner and Mrs. Eadie conducted a memorable week-end at Barrow. A splendid new Citadel was formally opened by J. Bliss, Esq., J. P. On Sunday afternoon the Commissioner presided at the opening of two Y. P. Halls. Colonel Duff, Editor of the British Y. S., turned the keys.

Out of 250 Citadels planned by the Chief of the Staff, to be erected within five years, 161 have already been opened, 25 others are building, while 63 others are "in various stages." By the end of the five years 249, if not the full 250, Citadels will, it is confidently expected, be completed.

After training in the Women's Social Institute at Clapton, forty-six Cadets received on Monday their marching orders as Probationary Officers, seventeen of them being appointed to London Homes and Shelters, eight to the London Homes and Shelters, eight to the London Slums, and twenty-one to Provincial Homes or Slum Settlements.

Commissioner Cox read a letter from Mrs. Bramwell Booth.

Six new slu mdistricts have recently been opened.

Professor Salvator de Bellizzi, and his wife, natives of Malta, have consecrated their time and talents for service 'neath The Army flag in India. Bro. Bellizzi, who was brought up as a Roman Catholic, is a professor of music and was formerly a naval bandmaster. He has had the honour of playing before his Majesty King George, and now charms audiences with his violin playing wherever he goes on S. A. service. He and his wife are entering the International Training College.

Sir Edward Morris, the Premier of Newfoundland, called at The Army's Emigration Offices in London last week.

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## Sweden.

The Philanthropic Congress has just concluded its sittings in Copenhagen. For one day the theme of discussion was "Women's participation in philanthropic Work," and on this Commissioner Mrs. Booth-Hellberg was requested to speak. The Commissioner was introduced by Alderman Munsterberg, from Berlin, and when the chairman mentioned her name, there was a special manifestation of interest.

When she had concluded, many ladies and gentlemen came to think her for her moving words. Amongst those who spoke to the Commissioner was a Catholic priest, who said: "I thank you because you have emphasized Christianity as the moving power of philanthropic work. Although we differ in our opinions on some other things, in this I agree with you and thank you for what you have said."

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## Belgium.

Belgium's annual fete is held on August 15th. For years past it has been the occasion for an assembly of Salvationists from all parts of the country.

Officers and Soldiers gathered on the last Monday of that date at the railway station of Marchienne for a grand procession to the Parc Beau-Sejour, at Jumet, when a Field-day was held. Headed by a Brass Band, and gay with national and Salvation Army Flags, the procession was watched by friendly crowds.

The parc was placed at the disposal of The Army for the day, and with Meetings and Young People's displays, it resembled in miniature the Crystal Palace.

Belgian Salvationists know how to shout and sing, but the day did not consist of demonstration alone, for twenty-seven seekers—five of them for Salvation—knelt at the Mercy-Seat in the night Open-Air. The result of the campaign, which included week-end Meetings at the Forchies and Marchienne Corps, were fifty-two seekers, eighteen being for pardon. A new Hall, he "Salon de l'Harmonie," was dedicated at Lodelinsart.

Colonel Pearce presided as the representative of International Headquarters, and was supported by Col. and Mrs. Fornachon, Brigadier Delapraz, and Brigadier and Mrs. Miche.

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## Java.

Colonel Govaars has conducted the opening of a new Hall and Day-school for the Chinese Corps at Batavia. The Meetings held were most enthusiastic, and attended by crowds of Chinamen.

The chief medical officer of the Javanese Government recently paid a surprise visit of inspection to the Pelantoengan Leper Settlement, which is under Salvation Army supervision. He was highly pleased with the condition of things, and has since spoken of his visit to the President in glowing terms.

Twenty of the native lepers (says Colonel Govaars) have professed Salvation, and wish to be enrolled as Soldiers. It is a joy to see their happy faces, for though many of them are terribly disfigured by their sad disease, the light of Salvation shines from their eyes.

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## Switzerland.

Open-Air campaigns in the Swiss-Italian Territory are being prosecuted with increased vigour, full advantage being taken of the liberty which is now granted to Salvationists by the authorities everywhere. The result is that Army music, song, and messages of Salvation are carried to all the most outlying districts.

During the National Shooting Festival, an occasion upon which no fewer than 22,000 marksmen from many parts of the world were gathered in the City of Berne, Army processions and gigantic Open-Air Meetings were conducted.

The festival continued for sixteen days, and the Salvationists marched, with their music, through all parts of the city. Much interest was shown, and the best attention given by the large crowds of people who surrounded the Open-Air rings. Several people boldly walked to the drum-head.

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## Australia.

Among the prominent citizens who attended Brisbane's Annual Social Gathering were Queensland's Home Secretary (Hon. J. G. Appel), who presided, and the Minister for Works and Public Instruction (Hon. W. H. Barnes). The Premier, Hon. W. Kidston, wrote expressing his warm sympathy with The Army's agencies.

The chairman, in his address, said: "It is a personal pleasure to be here, and to congratulate the Officers of The Army upon the way and method in which they have carried out their work.

"Statesmen and politicians often make a name for themselves in this world which is transitory; but the work this 'Deathless Army' is doing will live for ever, making thousands happy in this and the next world."

Over one hundred applications for Candidates' papers were made on the last Candidates Sunday. The present session of training in the Federal Training College will close in a few weeks, when a number of new Corps will be opened.

Just before leaving Rockhampton, Queensland, by steamer, Commissioner Hay paid a visit to the Immigrants' Depot, where a number of young German Colonists were much attracted by the small Anti-Smoking and Anti-Gambling badges he was wearing.

The delight of one small boy when the Commissioner took his badge from his own coat and pinned it on the little chap's breast, knew no bounds. Instantly he was besieged, and in a short time thirty-eight badges were issued.

The Commissioner has established a branch of the Naval and Military League in Sydney.

A new Prison Gate Home has been opened in Adelaide.

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## South Africa.

The Staff Band was stationed in one of the principal streets, and played as the new Governor-General and Lady Gladstone passed, accompanied by the Premiers of the different South African Colonies and other leading statesmen.

At the official welcome at the City Hall an address on behalf of the South African Salvationists was presented, and those present, comprising the leading people of South Africa, testified their appreciation of The Army by a hearty clap when our address was handed to the new Governor-General.

The Director of Prisons in the Transvaal has written to Lieut.-Col. Van Rossum asking if The Army will interest itself in the finding of employment for juveniles discharged from the Emmasdale Reformatory.

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## India.

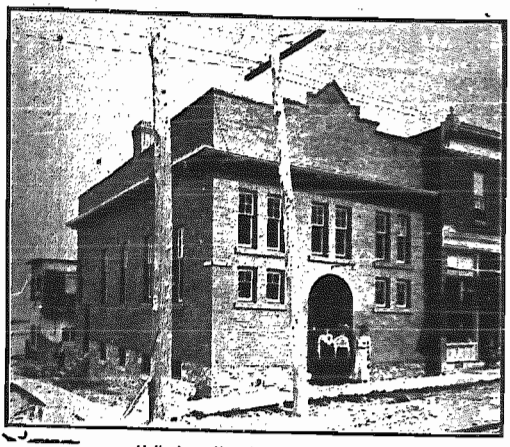
Colonel Sowton, to whose illness from enteric fever in India we referred last week, is, we gather from a later report, going on as well as can be expected.

Majors Deva Priti (Wele) and Nomrita Bai (Carr) relate some thrilling stories of their experiences in the villages. To be able to reach one village, they had three hours' climbing, and in certain places another Officer's shoulder cloth had to serve as a rope to be pulled up by. On arrival a never to be forgotten scene was witnessed. There were at least 3,000 people in the most picturesque dresses—dancing round their idols. A meeting lasting over three hours was held, when the approaching darkness compelled them to retrace their steps.

The examinations connected with the Medical Class conducted by Maj. Deva Nasen (Dr. Turner) and Dr. Jones at the Catherine Booth Hospital at Nagercoil have concluded. Several students, of whom some are Salvation Army Officers, have passed with honours in Chemistry and Pharmacy.

The laying of a foundation stone for a new Central Hall at Thalukudy, in Travancore, was recently performed by the Territorial Commander, Col. Nurani (Case).

Mr. Achaya, an Army friend, was one of the speakers at the ceremony. He said he had in his journeys—he has been to Japan, France, Italy, and Germany—he constantly came across two names. One of these was "Thos. Cook and Sons," the other the "Salvation Army."



Haileybury New Citadel Just Opened.
Capt. Brass to Left of Picture, Capt. Edwards to the Right, Corps-Cadet Yates in Centre.

### A BACKSLIDER RETURNED.

Bowmanville.—We are having victories under the able leadership of Captains Liddard and Lieut. George. Crowds are increasing, and the singing of the Officers is much appreciated by the people. On Sunday night a backslider returned to God.—R.N.D.

## THE TIGER OF THE SEA.

(Continued From Page Twelve.)

its misery. Taking very careful he fired again. The report oed sharply from the cliff face of island not a hundred feet away. Gardner had made a good shot this e. Before the echoes of the report died out, the calf lay still, and n very slowly began to sink. There s stillness for a few seconds, brok only by the excited barking of the own retriever. The orca swam wly half around the body of her ing, and apparently assured herself it it was dead. Then she turned small eyes upon the boat. In that ant Gardner realized that he had de a mistake. Instinctively he aded for the rocky islet.

As he jammed the tiller over, at e same time hurriedly freeing his eet, he saw the water boil about the ca's black form. She was a good ndred feet away, but so appalling s her rush that she seemed to be on him in the same instant. With yelp the dog sprang far up into the w. As the boat was at that mo ent broadside on to the terrific at ck, Gardner kept his seat and fired ome; desperate shot full in the face the oncoming doom. He might as ell have fired a pea-shooter.

The gun dropped to his feet. In e same moment it was as if an ex press-train had struck the boat. She as lifted bodily from the water and l one side crushed in, while Gard er felt himself hurled clean over the oom. As he came down he heard a elp from the brown retriever.

In order to escape entanglement in e sail, which slapped scuding over top of him, Gardner dived, and ame up some fifteen feet beyond. To his dive, and to the momentary con ealment afforded by the sail, he oubtless owed his life. He was a rack swimmer, and instantly started or the island at sprinting speed, do g the "crawl" stroke, with head lost of the time under water. The rca, at first, did not observe his scape. The unhappy dog, by the bark g, had caught her eye; and him she had seized and crushed the instant he was thrown into the water. Then, turning her fury upon the wreck of he boat, she had torn it and smashed t to kindling wood, seizing it in her huge jaws and shaking it as a terrier shakes a rat. Th's done, she had urned toward the island—and her leadly eyes had fallen upon the form of the swimming man as he cleft his way shoreward.

Her rush was like the rush of a orpedo, but Gardner was already lay ng his frantic hands upon the ledge. The ledge—a shelf not a dozen inches n width—was just awash. He felt that it was no refuge. But at about his own height above him was a niche in the rock, whimsically gouged out as if to hold a statue. With desperate agility he drew himself up into the tiny retreat, whipping up his legs be hind him and shrinking as flat as possible into the niche. At the same moment he was deluged with foam and spray, as with a dull crash the body of his pursuer struck the rock just below his feet.

Gardner shuddered and struggled gaspingly to catch back his breath into his laboring lungs. He had swum many races, but never one like that. Turning cautiously, and keeping himself still flattened like a limpet to the back of the niche, he stared down, trembling lest the avenger should essay another such mad leap, and with better effect.

## WHAT MANNER OF THING.

Continued from page 3.)

depths, had been sought after with a patience and a love unequalled, except with the Lord of pity. Some score of young women were at the Home who had come for a little holiday from their places of service. They were all supporting their children, and had them with them at the Home. Such a busy, happy crowd of women! It was an inspiration to see them—now efficient, joyous workers, yet they had been bought at a great price! Each woman in the Home had been sought and won with labour and love that was tireless.

The Colonel told me how the ste ters engaged in the midnight work had gone after this one for ten years, up and down the streets, into publichouses, following her through long months, till at last she had given in and gone with them. One there was for whom they had worked for fifteen years, another they took in a fortnight, another they won on the first evening of her shameful walk down Regent Street at midnight.

I went to one of the "Midnight Posts," stayed with the Officers there and went out with them. They knew and loved their "lost" sisters who filled the streets. The Captain spoke of one flitting figure as "my Dora," of another passing one as "our Florence"—so great a tenderness, so marvellous a yearning after the lost, I have never seen. Sometimes the Salvation sisters have asked these daughters of the night who flaunt in all their paint and finery with a loud laugh upon their lips, "Are you happy?" And they told me, these Officers, that never once had such an one said to them that she was happy. But some have asked: "Would you be happy if you were in my place?"

There can be no more awful sight in the world than that immense company of men and women who, after the theatres have closed and the respectable restaurants are dark and empty, go forth under the glare of the street lamps, passing and re-passing with jest and greeting, making bargains for what no man or woman has a right to sell. The sight is so terrible, that one wonders how these brave and loving women endure it year in and year out. Often they follow a woman into some low saloon and beg her to come out with them; sometimes they stand in a little group and sing, "There's a Fountain Filled With Blood." And these women, whose existence "good" people ignore, gather round, oftentimes with aching hearts. They listen awhile, then slip away into the night. They know The Salvation sisters love them, and they are very friendly towards these pure and noble women who see in them not lost sinners, but souls to be won.

A terrible feature of these night orgies is the number of young girls—many not more than 14 or 15—and quite young lads who parade the streets—a sight to make the angels weep. The Salvation sisters are praying that an inspiration may be given to some brave and good man to organize a crusade against the awful army of men who make hideous the lives of thousands. If women can be found to work for women, then why not men to work for men? Surely no fight could be better worth a brave man's fighting than that which would mean—if noth'ng nobler—physical salvation for hundreds of lads now rapidly sinking into degeneracy. Why cannot men be found to go out among those mothers' sons—so very young, scores of them mere boys—who have started on the midnight road that ends—who shall say where? Are there no men to be found who could organize a crusade like the Salvation sisters against a national disgrace? But these would need to be men willing to suffer and not despair, willing to work and not grow weary, willing to hope always. Men who would count it a rich reward to give back to God and their country some of these pitiful creatures whose ignorance and vice are a Christian city's blackest shame.

## What Marks Have You Left ?

You can't be always clean, I fear,
As through your working day you trudge;
The dirty things you must go near
Will sometimes leave an ugly smudge.
But if you're keeping all the while
Everything in its proper place,
You won't in coal-box leave your smile,
Nor leave the coal-dust on your face.
When people's hearts with sin are filled,
They leave black marks where'er they go;
As surely as where dust is spilled,
You may the sinner's pathway know.
This question comes to you and me:
"What marks are left where I have been?"
Only by grace divine can we
In heart and ways be always clean!

## PROMOTED TO GLORY.

(Continued from page 4.)

spects to their promoted comrade.

A very solemn and impressive service was held at the grave. We sung two verses of "Jesus Lover of My Soul," and prayer was offered by Professor Doxiee. "Shall We Meet Beyond the River" was tenderly sung; then an earnest appeal was made to the unsaved to prepare to meet God.

Bro. Bleecker.

A memorial service was held in the Citadel, at which a very large crowd of comrades and friends had gathered to hear more concerning the lessons learned from our dear comrade. The band led by Band Sergt. Ayling played most beautifully the old song, "Soldier of Christ, Well Done," after which the Songsters rendered "Prepare for Eternity."—W. E. Parsons, Adjt.

### SISTER MRS. BOULTIER OF LIVERPOOL, N.S.

One of our oldest Soldiers, in the person of Sister Mrs. Boultier, has gone to Heaven. Her last words were "I have no fear; I am trusting in Jesus."

The funeral service was conducted by the Rev. Mr. Hasler. On Sunday night we held a memorial service. A number of the Soldiers, also our sister's husband, Brother Boultier, spoke of her god'y life. May God help and comfort him and his children.—E. B. W.

## How "O.K." Originated.

The true story of the origin of the symbols "O. K." as a sign of approval or correctness dates from the time of the American Civil War. The symbols O. K. are now used throughout the English-speaking world by all sorts of inspectors, revisers, auditors, etc., and as a spoken phrase have passed into common speech.

At the outbreak of the Civil War, in which a man named Cornelius Kendall served in the Chicago Board of Trade Battery, there was a large bakery in Chicago, of which his father Orrin Kendall, was the founder and head.

The putting of armies into the field made a large, special, and immediate demand upon the baking plants for what used to be called "ship bread" or "hard bread." This is bread made simply of flour and water, and baked hard. "Shortening" is left out because it becomes rancid. Yeast is left out because it adds to bulk and "sours." Sometimes even salt is left out because attracting moisture. The object was to get a bread ration that would "keep" and be portable. The result is what has become known as "hard tack," now seldom seen by civilians, and little used, even on ships or in armies, but formerly the "staff of life" for sailors on long voyages and soldiers on active marching service.

The firm of O. Kendall and Sons naturally went into hard-tack making. Its crackers had been stamped "O.K." and the mark was still used. Either it was more skilful than other makers, or it succeeded in making more regular deliveries of fresh goods to the armies in the field. At any rate, the opinion spread among the soldiers that "O. K." hard tack was better than the average. The spoken phrase "O. K." became current army slang, and the soldiers brought it back in civil occupation as a verbal and graphic convenience.

## China—a New Factor in War.

So determined is China's endeavor to place herself in the class of important military nations that the Empire has invited Lord Kitchener, it is reported, to organize and develop her forces. Lord Kitchener is to be allowed to name his own terms, for China is said to consider any emolument cheap for his services. His Excellency Prince Tsai Tao, uncle of the Emperor, recently visited the United States upon a tour in which he was studying the military methods of the different Powers. But his knowledge of modern warfare was already surprisingly accurate. In one of the armories of New York City Prince Tsai picked up a rifle in a target range and shot several "bull's-eyes" in succession. The present Chinese army numbers 170,000 men. It is supposed to be the actual prop of the Manchu throne. The ranks, therefore, are largely composed of Manchu officers and men. The Government is regularly sending students abroad to foreign military academies and colleges, with a view not only to reorganizing the army, but also to modernizing the entire system of government.

## First Impressions.

Did you ever consider how plastic are the mind and character of your child, ready for the moulding of circumstances, natural forces, and the various impressions left upon it by the actions of grown people? The whole life of your boy or girl is before you. How important, then, is the fact that first impressions should be of the finest and the best that make for the nobility of man!

One of the first ideas to be zealously guarded is your child's belief in your perfect honesty and trustworthiness. Remember, little ones cannot tell the difference between jest and earnest, and truth and untruth are marked by a sharp line.

If, therefore, you make threats or promises that you do not keep, if you repeat childish happenings with exaggeration, if you evade, or, worse yet, lie, you are impressing your child in a way that you may regret your life through.

Be equally insistent to have the early impressions in your child's life those of beauty. Remember that these are the memories that linger through life. Do you want sordidness and ugliness and unhappiness to cling in the background of childhood?

Keep a child happy; let it have all the pleasure and joy and color in its life that it is in your power to give. The nursery should be the pleasantest room in the house. Nowhere else have you the opportunity of influencing unconsciously the tastes of the young.

In that nursery, if there are good books works of art—not mere daubs—toys that instruct as well as amuse, collections that train a child's inclination for original research, those first impressions have a lasting influence on after-life and the building up of character.

Do not get into the habit of thinking a child's thoughts and notions do not count. They count for more than do your own; yours are amenable to reason or common sense, while his are not realised nor understood until they have made a fixed impression for harm or good.

Cranbrook, B.C.—Captain Davidson has said good-bye, and Captain and Mrs. Taylor are now leading on. Already three souls have sought salvation. We are looking forward to a visit from the Fernie Band.—Correspondent.

Any Bandmaster or Bandsman wishing to exchange a photo postal card of their Band for a card of Kingston Band, address to A. Aylesworth, 208 Montreal st., Kingston, Ont.

# SCRIPTURE TEXTS.

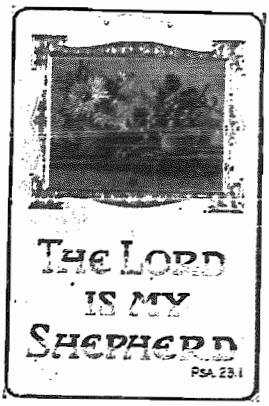
**The demand for these is growing daily. They command a Ready Sale and produce three striking effects: 1. Silent Witnesses of God's Goodness, Promises and Judgments. 2. A pleasant occupation for spare time, and also of an opportunity of speaking for the Master. 3. A source of revenue to the enthusiastic and wide-awake man or woman. Agents wanted, all or spare time. Write for particulars.**

**No. 201.** Size 12 by 9½. **On Imitation Velvet, with Artistic Floral Sprays, and Bold White letters.** TEXTS: L. "Wait on thy God continually." M. "Hitherto hath the Lord helped us." N. "Teach me to do Thy will." O. "Cast thy burden upon the Lord." Price, each 25c.

**No. 207.** Size 13 by 9½. **On Red, White and Green Enamelled Boards, with Inlaid Landscape Designs and Silver letters.** TEXTS: L. "In all thy ways acknowledge Him." M. "God is our Refuge and Strength." N. "Kept by the Power of God." O. "The Lord make His face shine upon thee." Price, each 25c.

**No. 200.** Size 12 by 9½. **On Imitation Velvet with Embossed Frame. Four Floral Sprays and Bold White letters.** TEXTS: L. "My help cometh from the Lord." M. "I will not fail thee nor forsake thee." N. "The Lord bless thee and keep thee." O. "The Lord is thy keeper." Price, each 25c.

**No. 215.** Size 10¼ by 8¼. **On Red, White and Green Enamelled Boards, and Flowers in Panel. Silver letters.** TEXTS: L. "God shall supply all your need." M. "As thy days so shall thy strength be." N. "My presence shall go with thee." O. "Christ shall give the light." Price, each 20c.




**No. 217.** Size 9½ by 6. **On Red and Green Enamelled Boards, with Floral Design in Panel and Silver letters.** TEXTS: L. "The Lord is my Shepherd." M. "The Lord is my strength." N. "The Lord is thy Keeper." O. "The Lord shall preserve thee." Price, each 15c.

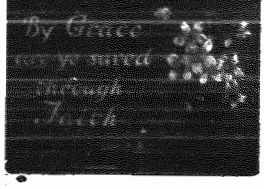
**No. 219.** Size 9½ by 6. **On Art Board with Floral Sprays and Bold White letters.** TEXTS: L. "My help cometh from the Lord." M. "I will not fail thee nor forsake thee." N. "The Lord bless thee and keep thee." O. "The Lord is thy keeper." Price, each 20c.

**No. 213.** Size 10¼ by 8¼. **On Red, White and Green Enamelled Boards, with pretty Landscapes in panel. Silver Letters.** TEXTS: L. "Christ hath redeemed us." M. "Redeemed...with the precious blood of Christ." N. "Christ came into the world to save sinners." O. "No man cometh unto the Father but by Me." Price, each 20c.

**No. 216.** Size 7¾ by 6. **On Imitation Velvet, with pretty Floral Designs and Bold White letters.** TEXTS: L. "The gift of God is eternal life." M. "He that believeth on Me, etc." N. "By grace are ye saved, etc." O. "If any man be in Christ, etc." Price, each 15c.

**No. 214.** Size 11¾ by 7¼. **On White Board, with Artistic Designs of Flowers and Scroll with Silver letters.** TEXTS: L. "Christ hath redeemed us." M. "Redeemed...with the precious blood of Christ." N. "Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners." O. "No man cometh unto the Father but by Me." Price, each 20c.

**No. 457—IRIS SERIES.** Size 7¾ by 6. Corded. **A series of Texts on Art Boards, with artistic Floral Sprays, delicately tinted. Texts in white.** TEXTS: 1. "Seek of Him a right way." 2. "Incline your heart unto the Lord." 3. "Commit thy way unto the Lord." 4. "Watch ye, stand fast in the faith." Price, each 10c.




**No. 229.** Size 7½ by 6. **On Art Boards in various Colours, with Floral Designs and White letters.** TEXTS: L. "The gift of God is eternal life." M. "He that believeth on Me, etc." N. "By grace are ye saved, etc." O. "If any man be in Christ, etc." Price, each 15c.

**The Trade Secretary, 18 Albert Street, Toronto, Ont.**

# MISSING.

**Parents, Relations and Friends**

will search for missing persons in any part of the globe; and, and, as far as possible, assist wronged women and ...en, or anyone in difficulty. Address Commissioner Thos. ...omls, 20 Albert Street, Toronto, and mark "Enquiry" on envelope. One dollar should be sent, if possible, to defray ...ises. In case a reproduction of a photo is desired to be ...ed with the advertisement, an extra charge of two dollars ...de, which amount must be sent with the photo. Officers, ...sa, and friends are requested to look regularly through ...Solumn, and notify the Commissioner if they are able to give ...iformation about persons advertised for.

(First Insertion.)

7873. CHAS. FREDERICK HUTCHSON. Canadian, age 19, height 5 ft. 6 in.; fair complexion, brown hair, ...zel eyes, single. Last heard of in ...amilton; been missing four years. ...anted by his sisters.

7698. JAMES McDONALD. Age 21, ...ight 5 ft. 5 in.; fair hair; blue eyes; ...e complexion. Last heard of Aug. ..., 1909, at Surdar, B.C. Was railway ...nployee. Friends very anxious for ...ws.

8070. GEORGE BURRELL. Age 68; ...ue eyes; born in Suffolk, Eng. Was married, height 5 ft. 6 in.; fair hair; ...st heard of near Suton P.O., Ont. ...as master-man in some foundry. At ...e time employed at Woolwich Arsenal. News urgently required.

8073. O. B. CARPENTER. Height ... ft.; blue eyes; dark hair; sandy moustache; about 36 years of age. Last heard of Feb. 19, 1909, at Seattle, Wash. Friends require news.

SECOND INSERTION.

7822. ROBSON CECIL. Age 24, height 3 ft. 9 in., dark hair, brown eyes, fair complexion, English. When last heard of his address was care of Carlson, Grand Trunk Pacific Railway, Portage La Prairie, Man. Friends anxious for news.

8061.—O'MALLEY BERNARD. Age 38, single, height 5 ft. 4 in., dark hair, blue eyes, fair complexion, native of Blackburn. Last heard of in Bala, Ont. Supposed to be in the Rockies. Employed by Railway Engineers. Father anxious for information.

8052. SMITH, HENRY, Anglo-Can'd'n, age 42, height 5 feet, 9 in., weight 165 lbs., dark hair, medium complexion, brown eyes, married, carpenter. Was employed in a car works at Cobourg, Ont. Brother inquires. (See photo).

7780. HOGAN, WILLIAM, Age 53, light complexion, slightly bald, weight 185. Last heard of in Moose Jaw, Sask., Sept., 1909. Friends very anxious for information. (See photo.)

8062. GRAHAM, JAMES or GUIGAN. Ago 27, height 5 ft. 8 in., dark hair, brown eyes, dark complexion, laborer, Irish nationality. Last heard of in Winnipeg. Came to Canada through Dr. Barnado's Home in 1900. Friends in England require information.

8022. McKAY, WILLIAM. Age 26 years. Height 5 ft. 10 inches; Canadian; born in Hamilton, Ontario. Fair hair, blue eyes, single. Missing since August, 1909. Last heard of in Carnduff, Sask. Mother anxious for news.

7948. JOAN YOUNG. alias Mrs. Robert Smith. Canadian, aged 65, height 5 ft. 4 in.; dark complexion, gray hair, dark eyes, married. Friends require news.

8031. ROBERT MARSH. English, aged 54, married. Was in English Army; last heard of at Kingston, Ontario. News urgently required.

8043. WILLIAM SARGENT. Age 34, height 5 ft. 8 in., brown hair, grey eyes, American, last address Ferrill, Idaho, last heard from Sept., 1908, left Ferrill to work for C. P. R. in British Columbia. Friends require news.

# Special Harvest-time Songs.

Tunes—Stella, 120; Madrid, 117; Song-Book, No. 791.

1 To Thee, O Lord of earth and sky,
With grateful hearts we now draw nigh,
For all the fruits Thy generous soil
Hath yielded in return for toil,
We want henceforth our lives to be
All fruitful in good work for Thee.

We thank Thee that Thou takest heed
To all Thy creatures' daily need;
That over us, on sea or land,
Has daily been Thy bounteous hand.
We want henceforth our lives to me
Filled up with grateful work for Thee.

Make us more earnest souls to save,
As hourly we approach the grave;
So that if ere this time next year
We should before Thy throne appear,
With joy we may Thy glory see
Because till death we fought for Thee.

Tune—He Lives, 138.

2 O glorious hope of perfect love!
It lifts me up to things above,
It bears on eagles' wings;
It gives my ravished soul a taste,
And makes me for some moments feast
With Jesus' priests and kings.

Rejoicing now in earnest hope,
I stand, and from the mountain-top
See all the land below:
Rivers of milk and honey rise,
And all the fruits of Paradise
In endless plenty grow.

A land of corn, and wine, and oil,
Favoured with God's peculiar smile,
With every blessing blest;
There dwells the Lord our righteousness,
And keeps His own in perfect peace
And everlasting rest.

Tunes—Come, Comrades Dear, 136; Praise, 139; Song-Book, No. 790.

3 Our thankful hearts need joyful songs
To tell Thee how all praise belongs,
By right, dear Lord, to Thee.
Thy power has worked to meet our wants,
Thy love has silenced all complaints,
Thy goodness, Lord, we see.

The sower's scattered seed has grown;
But in it all Thy hand is shown—
It gave the rain and sun.
And quickened into life the seed,
The harvest is Thy work indeed,
And Thine shall be the song.

Oh, help us at this harvest-time
To test ourselves, by help divine,
To see what fruit we bear.
What promise are we making Thee:
As ripened souls we wish to be
When harvest home draws near.

Tune—We Plough the Fields, B.J. 261.

4 We plough the fields, and scatter the good seed on the land,
But it is fed and watered by God's Almighty hand;
He sends the snow in winter, the warmth to swell the grain,
The breezes and the sunshine, the soft refreshing rain.

All good gifts around us are sent from Heaven above.
Then thank the Lord, Oh, thank the Lord for all His love.

He only is the Maker of all things near and far;
He paints the wayside flower, He lights the evening star;
The winds and waves obey Him, by Him the birds are fed;
Much more to us, His children, He gives our daily bread.

We thank Thee then, O Father, for all things bright and good;
The seed-time and the harvest, our life, our health, our food.
Accept the gifts we offer, for all Thy love imparts,
And, what Thou most desirest, our humble, thankful hearts.

Tune—Soon the Reaping Time, 17; Song-Book, No. 789.

5 This is the field, the world below,
In which the Sower came to sow;
Jesus, the wheat—Satan, the tares;
For so the Word of God declares.

And soon the reaping time will come,
And angels shout the harvest home.

Most awful truth, and is it so?
Must all the world the harvest know?
Must all before the Judge appear?
Then for the harvest, Oh, prepare.

But all who are from sin set free
Their Father's kingdom soon shall see,
Shine like the sun for ever there;
He that hath ears, then, let him hear.

Tunes—Take Salvation, 170; Saviour, Like a Shepherd, 169; Song-Book No. 67.

6 Hark! the voice of Jesus calling—
"Come, ye guilty, come to Me;
I have rest and peace to offer,
Rest, thou labouring one, for thee;
Take Salvation—
Take it now and happy be."

Yes; though high in heavenly glory,
Still the Saviour calls to thee;
Faith can hear His invitation—
"Come ye laden, come to me,
Take Salvation—
Take it now and happy be"

Soon that voice will cease its calling,
Now it speaks, and speaks to thee;
Sinner, heed the gracious message—
"To the Blood for refuge flee;
Take Salvation—
Take it now and happy be"

**LT.-COL. and Mrs. PUGMIRE** will visit

LONDON I. AND II.

Sat. and Sun., Sept. 24th and 25th.

Harvest Festival Week-End.

**LIEUT.-COL. and MRS. TURNER** will visit

THE TEMPLE, TORONTO, SEPT. 25.

**BRIGADIER POTTER** will visit

ST. THOMAS SATURDAY AND SUNDAY, SEPT. 24th AND 25th.

(Harvest Festival Week-End.)

**THE TERRITORIAL STAFF BAND** Will visit

PARRY SOUND SATURDAY AND SUNDAY, SEPT. 17th AND 18th.

T. F. S. APPOINTMENTS.

Captain Hiles, Halifax Division.

Dominion, 17, 18; Glace Bay, 20; New Aberdeen, 21, 22; Windsor, 27, 28; Kentville, 29, 30.

Lunenburg, October 2-4; Shelburne, Oct. 5, 6; Clark's Harbour, Oct. 8-10; Liverpool, Oct. 11- 12.

SPECIAL MEETINGS Will be conducted at RIVERDALE CORPS as folowls:

Sun., Sept. 18th.—LIEUT.-COL. and MRS. TURNER.

Sun., Sept. 25th.—LIEUT.-COL. AND MRS. SOUTHALL.

Sat. and Sun., Oct. 1st and 2nd.—RIVERDALE BAND.

THE FERNIE BAND will visit

CRANBROOK, B.C., SATURDAY & SUNDAY, SEPT. 17th and 18th.

8004. MOONEY, THOMAS. Tall, slim built, dark hair, dark eyes, age 35. Been in Canada three years last April. Missing since December last. Was then working for the G. T. R. at Harbor. News wanted.

7651. YEAXLIE, FRANCIS ARNOLD. age 21. height 6 ft., dark brown hair, blue eyes, fresh complexion. Was working on the C. P. R. at Winnipeg when last heard of. News wanted.

8048. AUGUST JACQUES and ARTHUR JACQUES. The former aged 39, dark, 5 ft. 6 in., was a miner; last heard of at Cranbrook, B.C. The latter, aged 37; 5 ft. 7 in.; last seen in Sudbury; Sister requires information.

8037. SAMUEL SMITH. Age 45, height 5 ft. 10 1-2 inches., grey hair, grey eyes, fair complexion, married, was a blacksmith, may now be farming. News wanted.

8025. GEORGE ALFRED KILLICK. Age 40, height 5 ft. 7 in., brown hair, fair complexion, last address D. L. Mathers' Lumber Camp, Gull River, Ignace Bay, Ont. News urgently wanted.

7952. ERNEST ORR. Age 23, blue eyes, dark hair, height 5 ft. 8 in., clean shaven, last heard of when left Hospital at Chemainus, B.C. Left there February 1st. Friends anxious for news.

8003. SANDERS, ALBERT HENRY. Aged 25, height 5 ft. 9 in., dark brown hair, blue eyes, bricklayer, nick-named Hammertoes, not heard of since October, '07, was then in Stratford. News urgently wanted.

7893. BATT, JAS. HERBERT. Sent to Manitoba in 1894; when last heard of was still out west; aged 36, height 5 ft., dark brown hair, hazel eyes; fresh complexion, round shouldered, weak intellect; occupation sawyer. News wanted.

8012. PARKIN, WILLIAM HENRY. Aged 24. Light hair, blue eyes, fair complexion, may be married, may be in Toronto. Last heard of somewhere in Ontario. Missing 19 years. Mother anxious for news.

# COLONEL AND MRS MAPP

Accompanied by a number of the Territorial Headquarters Staff and

## BRIGADIER MOREHEN, D.C.,

Will visit and conduct special services at the following Corps:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| **Sunday, September** | **18** | - - - - | **WEST TORONTO.** |
| **Sunday,** | **,, 25** | - - - - | **EARLSCOURT.** |
| **Sunday, October** | **2** | - - - - | **WYCHWOOD.** |
| **Sunday,** | **,, 9** | - - - - | **TEMPLE.** |

At The Temple the Officers who attended the Staff College will be welcomed, and a welcome will also be given to the new session of Cadets.

7660. RIDDELL, HARRY. Age 46; English; height 5ft. 2in.; fresh complexion; auburn hair; blue eyes; carpenter. Last known address McCaul Street, Toronto, 1886. News urgently needed.

7977. STORE, ROBERT. Been in Canada 3 years; last heard of in Toronto. Has also been in Montreal; age 23. Parents, who are now in th s country, enquiring.

8024. FAWCET, ANNIE, aged 24, brown hair, English, missing sixteen years, last known address Montreal; left Old Country to go to Canada when eight years of age. Friends anxious for news.

26, height 5 ft. 10 in., English, weight 185, fair complexion, fair hair, blue eyes, single, teamster, missing one year, last known address Toronto. News wanted.